The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1888.

The Week.

THE Greatest Living Statesman's latest performance on the stump really staggers the reader. When he made his first defence of Trusts in his Portland speech, friendly organs, like the New York *Tribune*, sought to excuse it on the plea that the remarks were "casual and inconclusive," and the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* announced, in a triumphant tone, that "presently Mr. Blaine will speak of Trusts at length." Well, he has "spoken at length," and to make sure that nobody should style his remarks "casual and inconclusive," he carefully wrote them out in advance and read them from the manuscript. And what does he say in this long-promised explanation? Why, that "Trusts are State issues," that they "have no place in a national campaign," and that the fuss about them is ridiculous anyway — "*if* there be evils connected with these Trusts," he said on Friday, with the emphasis on the "*if*." At the same time he abused the editors who dissented from his Portland speech, many of them Republicans, as "impudent men, who mistake assertion for argument," and declared that they "either are ignorant or else they wilfully concealed the truth."

Notwithstanding Mr. Blaine's declaration that the National Government has no power to deal with Trusts, Congress continues to investigate the Cotton-Bagging Trust, and has got at the bottom facts very nearly. The substance of the finding is that the manufacturers, stimulated by a protecting duty of 54.13 per cent., overdid the business "by a large majority," and found themselves last autumn making a great deal more jute bagging than the market would take. A number of mills were obliged to stop. Naturally these were the ones least favorably situated, or least skilled, or least something, no matter what. It was a case of survival of the fittest. They were actually selling bagging at lower prices than it could be imported for. The Ways and Means Committee naturally concluded that under such circumstances they did not need protection, and therefore put bagging on the free list. Then the manufacturers decided, in the language of one of the witnesses, that "if they could not do any better, they would at least make what money they could this year." Hence the Trust, or the Combine, or the corner, or whatever it may be called. Probably this explanation will apply to some of the other tariff-protected Trusts. They see the end of their system coming, and they are "going for all that is out" while it lasts.

Mr. Blaine ought to have stuck to his first savings-bank statement in the way in which he put it. Nobody can deny that the average deposit of the wage-workers of some parts of this country, where the savings bank has long been in existence, is much greater than it is among the poorly paid operatives of Great Britain and Ireland. Nobody denies that wages are a great deal higher here, because the efficiency of labor is so much higher. Nobody denies that the American workman has a larger margin for saving; but why did Mr. Blaine limit his comparison to a small section of the country? He gave the total savings in all the postal banks of the United Kingdom at five hundred and twenty million dollars, belonging to wage-workers and everybody else—a very small sum for a population of thirty-eight millions. But there is one thing to be said: under the old system of protection in Great Britain which culminated in such disaster in 1840-46, the working people had no deposits at all in the savings banks that amounted to anything. Now, if Mr. Blaine were honest, he would not limit the comparison of the deposits in Great Britain to those in Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut; if the people of the United States as a whole had a deposit in the savings bank equal to the average belonging to the population of Massachusetts, the entire deposits of the people of the United States would be over *nine thousand million dollars*. If protection to domestic industry has enabled the people of New York, of Massachusetts, and the rest of New England to save so much, why has it not enabled the people of the rest of the country to make an equal saving?

It would be interesting to know by what warrant the Republican Senators propose to push a tariff bill which is directly at issue with the tariff plank of the Republican platform. The reduction of the duty on sugar one-half would be at variance with the fundamental principle upon which the Republican platform declares that a tariff bill should be framed. Here is that principle: "The Republican party would effect all needed reduction of the national revenue by repealing the taxes upon tobacco, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and the tax upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, *and by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our labor*, and release from import duties those articles of foreign production (except luxuries) the like of which cannot be produced at home." Sugar is an article "produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our labor." A "revision of the tariff laws" cutting down the duty on sugar one-half would not "tend to check imports of such article." On the contrary, it would inevitably tend to increase imports of such article. The Republican Senators may possibly be able to reconcile it with their consciences to repudiate the Republican platform in this fashion, but they cannot expect the Republican candidate for President to go with them. Gen. Harrison has already declared that he has "examined the platform with some care, and its declarations are in harmony with my views."

The London *Standard* has lowered its own standard by publishing a threatening article on the fisheries question. "If we have to deal with a nation of filibusters," it says, "let us know it." The word filibuster has a definite meaning, as the *Standard* knows. It signifies one who seeks to possess himself of his neighbor's territory by violence. It is this character which the chief Tory organ impliedly ascribes to the United States. It is amazing that such an ascription can be made to a country that has refused repeatedly, in recent years, to accept foreign territory offered to it in the way of peaceful negotiation. Our latest acquisition was Alaska, and this was almost forced upon a reluctant Congress and country. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in a magazine article a few years ago, said truly that "the United States was almost the only country in the world that looks at a mouthful before swallowing it." So far as Canada is concerned, we venture to say that outside of the contributions that Great Britain has made to our citizenship from the Emerald Isle, nobody ever thinks of annexing by force the smallest scrap of her territory. Nor would that thought be entertained if the power that stands behind Canada were as weak as that which stands behind Cuba.

Supposing that Senator Cullom is right in assuming that the President's recent message was a political move, what else than a political move was the Senate's Retaliation Act—the act of 1887? We have pointed out that this measure was a cowardly evasion of the duty of Congress, and a reversal of all the precedents of the past, since Congress, although possessed of full knowledge, refused to declare non-intercourse, but merely authorized the President to declare it in his discretion. How differently did the Congress of 1809 behave towards the two greatest Powers in Christendom when they had committed acts in contravention of our maritime rights. Here is the act passed on the 1st of March in that year, bold, explicit, and unequivocal:

"Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the passage of this act the entrance of the harbors and waters of the United States and of the Territories thereof be, and the same *is hereby, interdicted to all public ships belonging to Great Britain or France*, excepting vessels only which may be forced in by distress, or which are charged with despatches or business from the Government to which they belong, and also packets having no cargoes or merchandise on board. And if any public ship or vessel as aforesaid, not being included in the section above mentioned, shall enter any harbors or waters within the jurisdiction of the United States or of the Territories, it shall be lawful for the President of the United States, or such other person as he shall have empowered for that purpose, to employ such part of the land and naval forces or of the militia of the United

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States or the Territories thereof, to compel such ship or vessel to depart."

We have examined the debates in the Congress of 1809 on the Non-Intercourse Act to see if any suggestion was made looking to the shirking of their responsibility in the premises and putting it on the President. No such thought was ever entertained or expressed. This bill was passed as above because, though the nation was in its infancy, Congress was in earnest and had no partisan end to subserve. The discretion was lodged with the President to declare non-intercourse at an end when the offensive acts should cease, but as to the inception of it, he had no more discretion than one of the pages of the Senate.

House Bill No. 155, which the President has just vetoed, bestows a pension on a man who never did a single day's service at the front, never left the State in which he enlisted—Maine—and deserted while there. He was finally discharged on a surgeon's certificate for disability incurred by a fall from a wagon at his own home, but the certificate bore the endorsement: "Never done a day's duty—is utterly worthless and unfit for the veteran reserve corps." Here is another proof of Grover Cleveland's heartless indifference to the sufferings of veterans caused by falls from wagons. It shows, moreover, how little he understands or appreciates the delicate feelings of a man who deserts before his regiment leaves his State, instead of deserting in the presence of the enemy, as Pat Ford did.

President Hyde of Bowdoin College is suffering the fate which befalls the New England man who ventures to dissent from the dominant sentiment of the community. He is the President of a college in Maine, where it is a tenet of good Republicans that a man has no right to be a Democrat, and that if he is so misguided as to support a Democratic candidate, he must be made to suffer for it. Having given the reasons which constrain him in the present campaign to favor tariff reform and the election of Mr. Cleveland, he is promptly notified, through "a letter from a prominent Bowdoin graduate living in a Western State," published in the Boston *Advertiser*, that he displays such independence at the peril of his future. "As you may imagine," says this letter, "the Republican alumni of the College feel outraged, and I may say to you that a sentiment is being crystallized into form, asking him to resign. We do not want that kind of a President at the head of Bowdoin." In other words, we do not want the kind of a President whose convictions are so strong, and whose sense of duty is so clear, that he follows the course which seems to him best for the interests of the nation, knowing perfectly well that this course would not only make him unpopular, but might cost him his position. The Republicans of Maine are greatly distressed in mind because Southern Democrats bulldoze negroes by physical force, but this offence is less grave than the moral intimidation which they themselves stand always ready to apply to white men.

Campaign lies multiply as fast as usual. One of the most nimble of the species is a pretended quotation from the London *Times*, extensively circulated in a leaflet signed "H. K. Thurber." In this leaflet Mr. Thurber says:

"When the London *Times* thinks the best use they [the English manufacturers] can make of Irishmen is to help them to emigrate to this country and join the Democratic party, and thus help break down our protective tariff, that makes me think that our tariff is a great benefit to *this* country, and of course I range myself on the side of a protective tariff."

This particular lie having reached London in due course, it was ascertained that the London *Times* had never said anything of the kind. But it was too good to be lost. So a variation was tried, and the paragraph was credited to the London *Sunday Times*. Then the Chicago *Herald* put the question to its London correspondent whether the paragraph or sentiment quoted had ever appeared in the London *Sunday Times*. The correspondent replied by cable: "The London *Times* prints no Sunday issue, and the man who publishes the fact is either a liar or an ignoramus, and in neither case worthy of belief." Deprived of this resource, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* replied that there is a London *Sunday Times* printed at No. 2 Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. It added that "every Republican paper that had published the extract, had honestly credited it to the London *Sunday Times*, and not to the London *Times*"—another lie, which its neighbor the *Herald* nailed instanter by identifying it in the columns of the *Inter-Ocean* itself of August 18, credited to the London *Times*, not the London *Sunday Times*. We have seen the pretended extract in several Republican papers kept standing at the editorial head. One of these, the Niles (Mich.) *Republican*, is now before us. We trust that Mr. H. K. Thurber will now recall his misleading circular to workingmen, and apologize to them for issuing it.

Another able-bodied lie we find going the rounds of the press credited to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Whether the *Globe-Democrat* ever published it we do not know. It recites that $58,300 was subscribed in England and sent to this country to carry the election of 1844, "to aid the free-traders during the canvass," and that the names of the men who furnished the money were ascertained. Of course, it is always well to go into particulars to some extent, but not to too great an extent. So the manager of this lie tells us that "over $51,000 of this sum was contributed in Manchester, Halifax, and Leeds, England, and in Glasgow, Scotland." No names of contributors are given, however. It is generally hard to prove a negative, but in this case it is possible to do so. England herself was wallowing in protective tariffs in 1844. She did not believe in free trade then any more than the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* does now. Cobden and Bright were toiling to get the corn laws repealed, and did not succeed until 1846. Moreover, every student of history knows that the issue of our own election in 1844 was the annexation of Texas, and not the tariff at all. Indeed, it was one of the charges brought against Robert J. Walker, Polk's Secretary of the Treasury, that he brought forward his tariff bill in 1846 without any previous discussion of it before the people. It was said that the Democratic party had carried Pennsylvania with the cry, "Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of 1842."

A letter from the editor of the *Independent*, recently published in the *Voice*, is remarkable in more ways than one. It gives the Democratic party the regulation scolding, glories in the past of the Republican party, after the familiar fashion, and complains a good deal of the action of the Prohibitionists, although the conclusion it arrives at is, that Dr. Ward is mightily inclined to vote the Prohibition ticket. If he actually does, it will be because he thinks the Republican party has fallen under the domination of the saloon, and because its platform is, in Dr. Ward's opinion, a compound of "slush and mush that Harrison cannot stand upon without falling through." The funny part of all this is, that one turns in vain to the columns of the editor's own paper to find examples of such plain speaking. The reason is, of course, that the interesting gentleman who owns the *Independent* runs the politics of that publication. Having turned the theology of the editors upside down already, he now seems resolved to leave them nothing but the puzzle department and book reviews. The subscribers may not like it, but they had a good taste of Mr. Bowen's political quality four years ago, and have learned, we presume, that the madness into which every Presidential election stings him is soon gone. By the way, he must still have on hand copies of that circular he sent to irate readers, in 1884, begging them to bear with him until after the election, when he promised he would give over those political contortions which, even for him, he admitted, were painful.

It is a favorite argument of the defenders of Governor Hill that he had the same Mugwump opposition in 1885 that he has now, but that he was elected in spite of it. It is true that the Mugwumps opposed him in 1885, and they did so on the ground that his general course in office had not been such as to entitle him to reëlection. There were suspicions at that time that, in addition to using his office to promote personal and partisan ends, he had also been connected with transactions which reflected even more severely upon his character. What was suspicion then is proved fact now. The testimony in the aqueduct inquiry leaves no doubt upon that point. He was an ally with Squire and Flynn and a lot of Republican jobbers for the plunder of this city, and he profited by that plunder to the extent of having from $10,000 to $30,000 of his personal campaign indebtedness paid with it.

What the use or object of "Labor Day" is will doubtless appear eventually, but Monday's observance threw no light on it.

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It was plain to be seen that Labor Day is a legal holiday, but all other legal holidays celebrate or commemorate something. What Labor Day celebrates or commemorates does not appear. It doubtless calls our attention to the existence of labor and laborers; but this is very like calling our attention to the sun at noonday. There is no phenomenon of the solar system more familiar to the human race than labor, and the class of laborers may be said, in a general way, to include the entire human family. It can hardly have been intended to show the strength of the laboring element of the population by means of the parade, because if the procession contained all our laborers, we should be in a bad way. It is said to have contained only about 8,000. On the whole, Labor Day seems to be simply an additional holiday or day of recreation, and if this be so, the name is a misnomer. It ought to be called "Non-Labor Day," as the only legal holiday the sole object of which is to enable men to stop working without being accused of idleness or laziness. On Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, the Fourth of July, Christmas Day, and Sunday, we stop working in order to keep some great event in better remembrance, or fulfil some sacred obligation. But on Labor Day we stop work simply because we want a "day off."

The Sugar Bounties Conference in London has really accomplished what it set out to do. It has put machinery in force for abolishing the bounties in all the countries of Europe, except France, and France herself is expected to accede later. It has applied a species of coercion to other countries by prescribing that the countries acceding to the Conference shall not admit to their ports the sugar of non-acceding countries. This is clearly right and necessary if the principle is established that governments must not grant export bounties to the detriment of corresponding industries among their neighbors. But it remains to be seen whether Lord Salisbury can sustain himself before the English people on this ground. The principle is firmly fixed in British history and policy that you have no right to prevent the buyer of an article from getting it as cheaply as he can. If makes no difference to those who hold this doctrine whether the cheapness of sugar in the British market is due to one cause or another, whether it comes from the increased productivity of the beet root, or from the folly of a foreign government that chooses to tax its own people in order to supply the world with sugar below cost. We think that Lord Salisbury has done a good thing in bringing common sense to bear upon the governments of Europe in this matter, but we apprehend that he will find it difficult to sustain himself in Parliament on such an issue.

The judgment of Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge in the case of the Mogul Steamship Company furnishes an interesting illustration of the working of the Trust system. A combination of English shipowners, called a "conference," was made in China, to monopolize the transportation of tea, which they did by offering heavy discounts to shippers shipping in the vessels of the Conference. A rival shipowner who could not get into the Conference, and was ruined, accordingly sued them for malicious damage, but the court ruled that he had no case—that the law of trade is the survival of the fittest, and that the fittest is the man who can produce the desired result at least cost. The Conference, it will be observed, did not combine to raise prices, but to lower prices so as to drive rivals out of the field, the process by which nearly all the great retail stores have been built up, and against which it is difficult to contend, either by law or competition.

One of the humors of the home-rule agitation in England is to be found in a book on the Irish question entitled 'Ireland Under Coercion: the Diary of an American,' by William Henry Hurlbert, the late editor of the New York *World*. Of the merits of the work we know nothing, except from reviews in the English papers, who receive it as an anti-Irish contribution to the controversy with really amusing gratitude. The "first notice" of it in the *Spectator* occupies nearly two pages. What diverts us most is the *Spectator's* solemn announcement that "Mr. Hurlbert is not only a citizen of the United States, but evidently also a good Roman Catholic," and its reason for putting a high value on the book is, "that Mr. Hurlbert's study of Ireland has been the study from the point of view of a liberal Roman Catholic who cares a great deal more for the moral welfare of Irishmen than for any particular political system, but who is quite favorable to local liberties as long as these local liberties do not really imply moral anarchy." We fancy many an old acquaintance of Mr. Hurlbert's here will have aching ribs on reading this picture of him as a pious Catholic examining Irish sin with an anxious, pitying eye.

The Secretary of the British Legation at Buenos Ayres, Mr. Jenner, in a letter quoted in the London *Economist*, accounts for the great gains shown in the Argentine returns of revenue and trade by alleging that they are estimated in depreciated paper currency, at the rate of seven and one-half dollars to the pound sterling. In this way, he says, the reported foreign trade of $218,000,000, in 1887, really means only $145,000,000 on a gold basis. This is a great mistake, and we cannot account for the *Economist's* printing it without contradiction or correction. The returns made by the Argentine Treasury are estimated in "moneda nacional." That means, not the depreciated bank notes, which are called "circulacion forzada," but the established monetary unit of the Argentine Republic, the dollar, which is worth, according to the last report of the United States Mint, 96½ cents in gold. There is thus a slight inflation, but nothing like that charged by Mr. Jenner. It is undoubted, also, as we have before noted, that some discount is to be made from the face of the Argentine returns on account of the unnaturally high prices now ruling, due to the fever of speculation present in all branches of business. The paper money of the republic, or rather its suspension of specie payments, is the gravest feature of the financial situation. It is made more grave by a recent legal decision that contracts which actually mention gold dollars can yet be satisfied in paper money, unless the specific words "stamped gold," or "dollars from the mint," are used. Still, the great expansion of trade may enable the country to resume gold payments at the promised date, the 9th of next January.

The history of the successive reductions of the duty laid by Belgium on pig-iron illustrates the trustworthiness of protectionist predictions of ruin from tariff reduction. In 1856, the duty of $10 a ton was lowered to $4.80. Five years later the rate was fixed at $3, and in 1863, at $1. At each reduction the manufacturers of pig-iron took up the doleful strain of prophecy with which we are so familiar, and declared in the usual positive way that ruin was directly ahead of them all. But each time that the deadly blow at the Belgian industry was struck, it turned out to be not so much of a blow, after all, since the manufacturers, so far from closing their works, went right ahead and produced more than ever before. And so evidently wise has the policy of low tariff been proved, that now a majority of the chambers of commerce of the country have demanded that pig-iron be put on the free list. This will undoubtedly soon be done, as M. Beernaert, Minister of Finance, promises to recommend a law to that effect at as early a date as possible.

The decree of President (or Dictator) Barillas of Guatemala, revoking the law which made Livingston a free port and established a free zone in the adjacent territory, illustrates afresh the greatest of all difficulties in the way of a regular trade with Central America — arbitrary, inconsistent, and changing tariff laws. Guatemalan importers had a taste of the President's quality last December, when a decree was issued raising all duties 15 per cent., and that with only ten days' notice. The recent action in regard to the port of Livingston is the more indefensible in that it is in violation of the tacit pledge made in 1882. The law of that year, which made Livingston a free port, declared that it should continue to be such for ten years. Of course the right of repeal always remains with the law-making power, but the merchants whose goods in the Livingston warehouses are now held for customs, have good ground for complaint, certainly, at so peremptory a withdrawal of privileges which they had supposed were assured them. The whole move appears to be only a desperate reaching out for revenue to meet pressing needs, leaving the future reckoning, which will surely be all the heavier for this short-sighted policy, to take care of itself, after the true Spanish-American manner.

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THE CHINESE TREATY.

THE treaty negotiated by Secretary Bayard with the Chinese Government, limiting the use of "permits" granted to Chinese laborers once domiciled here, but returning to their own country, and imposing further restrictions on immigration, was amended in the Senate by the insertion of a proviso cancelling all such permits absolutely. This proviso rendered it necessary to send the treaty to China once more for ratification. It is reported by way of London that the Chinese Government has rejected the treaty in its new shape, as it was almost certain that it would, but no official information on the subject has been received.

Here was a rare chance for somebody to "get ahead" in the scramble to gratify the hoodlum element on the Pacific Coast, and Mr. Scott, for and in behalf of the Democratic party, improved it. He promptly introduced a bill providing for the complete and absolute exclusion of the Chinese, treaty or no treaty, and this measure was passed by the House immediately and without a division. The bill makes it unlawful for any Chinese laborer, whether he was, is, or may be a resident in the United States, who has left or may leave before the act passes, and has not returned, to come back to the United States. It prohibits the issue of certificates of identity, and declares all certificates previously issued void and of no effect. Chinese laborers presenting them shall not be allowed to enter the country.

Mr. Scott's *coup* was so sudden that the Republicans in the House were dazed. A great game had been played for the hoodlum vote, and they had had no chance for innings. But in the Senate they were not caught napping. Senator Stewart of Nevada there got the start. When the Scott bill came over from the House, Mr. Stewart moved that it be immediately put upon its passage. Senator George of Mississippi moved that it be referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. So many Senators objected to any reference to a committee that Mr. George was fain to withdraw his motion. Senator Butler of South Carolina suggested that such a bill might be a violation of an existing treaty, and that it would be well to look into that question before taking the vote. Senator Sherman, who usually "takes in" a situation very promptly, asserted the right of Congress to abrogate any treaty at any time with or without notice, and he so browbeat the halting Senator from South Carolina that the latter reluctantly consented to "fall in" behind the supporters of the bill, although he took leave to say that he considered the measure an open and flagrant violation of decency, which would not be thought of if there were not an important election pending. In fact, Mr. Butler came very near signalizing himself as a man of straightforward character and purpose among a lot of demagogues, but the pressure was too great. The debate continued till the hour of adjournment, so we have been spared the disgrace of the passage of such a bill through both houses in one day.

The gist of the measure is, that the Government of the United States violates its own faith by cancelling agreements deliberately made with a foreign government without extending to that government the usual courtesy of notice. Senator Sherman is probably right in his contention that treaties may be abrogated by either party. The Ohio statesman is usually right in technicalities and often wrong in the substance of things. The intention to abrogate the existing treaty with China is probably too strong to be resisted successfully either by Mr. Sherman or by any other Senator. In such case the only question remaining is whether we shall proceed in a way to conserve our own respectable position among nations and our own self-respect, or whether we shall sacrifice both in an unseemly scramble for the votes of the hoodlums. The Chinese laborers who have gone abroad on the faith of our laws, taking certificates entitling them to return, have just as many and as valid rights as anybody in the world. Among the rights belonging to them is the right to reasonable notice of any intended change in our laws. This right in every moral sense belongs to them independently of the treaty with China. Still more is the Chinese Government—our equal in the eye of public law—entitled to such notice. And what great evil is this tumultuous haste and breakneck speed intended to avert? To prevent 12,000 Chinese—12,000 at the outside, for doubtless some of these holders of outstanding certificates have died or made other plans for themselves—from returning to this country according to a fair agreement made with them and their Government. And if they are kept out in this way, their places will be taken in all probability by Italian laborers, who are as little liked but more feared in California than the Chinese. The Chinese are a meek and unresisting race; hence the contumely and cruelty heaped upon them in California. But every Italian carries a dagger, and nobody harms him with impunity.

WHERE ARE THE REPUBLICAN ECONOMISTS?

THE Republican party labors in the present crisis under a good many disadvantages, foremost among which is undoubtedly its having charged itself with the defence of a privileged class. In our day it is very hard for any political party to keep or obtain power, or even live at all, after it has become the advocate of exceptional legal privileges for a small minority of the community, such as our American manufacturers enjoy. Such privileges may, as our protectionist friends maintain, be very beneficial to the community at large, but keeping people convinced of it is dreadfully up-hill work. It may be good for Jones, for instance, on some sort of "general principle," that he should be made to pay Brown a pension or to purchase his goods above the market rate, but if he has to keep Brown satisfied with the arrangement for an indefinite period, he finds the wear and tear of the task increasingly serious. People always, sooner or later, grow suspicious of a man who is for ever trying to persuade them that they will grow rich by dealing exclusively with him at more than the market rate. They may for a while be persuaded that there is something in his theory, but they by-and-by begin to think that the argument is very queer, and that there must be a fallacy in it somewhere, although they may not be able to point it out. A party, in short, in our day which has to justify inequality of rights, has to fight against the whole spirit of the age, as it is called.

But next to this, undoubtedly the greatest disadvantage the Republican party labors under is the incapacity of its leading men for economical discussions. This is really the most remarkable political phenomenon of the day, and illustrates in a very striking way the false security about the tariff into which the war feeling and the size of the public debt lulled the party during the last twenty years. If the tariff had been a genuine economical creation—that is, had been imposed on the country after thorough discussion of the protective system—the party which triumphed in the struggle, and which was charged with the duty of watching over the system and bringing it to perfection, would by this time have had many leaders who could have made a good fight for it in the purely economical arena. During the period between Hamilton and Greeley, when the tariff men had to contend with their adversaries in the open field, and occupied no territory they had not fairly won, it always had such champions on hand, and they showed in one way or another that they understood the free-trade argument, and had some acquaintance with the theory and practice of foreign trade, and could give respectable reasons for the faith that was in them.

But the growth of the tariff in the guise of a measure of national defence, and the rapid identification of the enemies of high taxation with the enemies of the Union, long removed all incentive to the study of economical questions. The result is, that the party has not now a single man in public life or in journalism, with the possible exception of Senator Sherman, who is able to make even a tolerable resistance to the attacks of the tariff-reformers on economical grounds. Their articles and speeches are mostly stuffed full of puerile personalities, appeals to national or race prejudice, or fraudulent quotations from foreign newspapers. There has probably never been in political history anything more discreditable to a great party than the Republican reliance in the discussion of a question of domestic economy on English likes and dislikes. To watch what Englishmen desire and then do the opposite, is of course the policy of a child or an untutored savage, who is incapable of forming an independent judgment about his own interests.

As matters stand, the starting of the tariff

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discussion by President Cleveland has caught the party without leaders or champions of any description. We are not indulging in any ordinary campaign sneer at Mr. Blaine when we say that, as far as we can see, his ignorance of economical subjects is, in a man of his age and experience, something remarkable. Of course it is possible that he knows more than he pretends to know, but we have in common decency to assume that his blunders and explanations and retractions are honestly made, or, in other words, that when he is on the stump he is doing his best. But from the day when he threatened Europe with the vengeance of the disbanded armies of the United States if it did not behave handsomely towards American silver, down to the day when he made the blacks of the South reduce white wages at the North to thirty cents a day, and when he filled the savings banks of Massachusetts with fabulous amounts of workingmen's economies, and "plastered" England all over with Trusts, he has been incessantly either making mistakes about matters of fact, or showing in some way that he does not understand the free-trade theory, and therefore cannot answer it.

There is, for instance, in not one of his speeches the smallest sign that he knows what is the now generally accepted theory of the source of wages and of the conditions of their rise and fall. If he had any knowledge on the subject, he would long ago have attempted to explain how it is that free-trade England pays higher wages than protectionist France or Germany or Russia—an oversight almost like that of a general who encamps in hostile territory without outposts.

Of Gen. Harrison's economical equipment there is even less to be said than of Mr. Blaine's. He frankly admits that the whole subject is Greek to him. He knows about education and the domestic affections, but about the tariff he is lost in innocent wonder. And yet these two gentlemen are the Republican leaders in the tariff debate, and they have no followers or supporters. There is hardly another speaker or editor in the party who has thus far shown himself capable of a tariff argument without abuse of England and the free-traders. The situation is a very odd one, and, so far as we know, has no parallel or precedent.

REGULATION AND CONFISCATION.

Two points with regard to railroad policy are now pretty clearly recognized by all sensible men, whether they represent railroads or shippers. The first is, that uncontrolled discrimination is an intolerable evil. The second is, that most of the attempts to stop this evil by statute have been extremely ill-advised.

It is easy to see the reason for these apparently conflicting statements. The right and wrong uses of railroad power are so closely intermixed that it requires great technical knowledge to stop the wrong without stopping the right also. The more complicated the organization, the greater is the difficulty from this source. The power of the railroad officials to do either good or evil is increased; the power of the Legislature to distinguish good from evil is diminished. This complexity of business organization is the central fact in the whole situation. It is this which gives the modern corporation its power as a monopoly. Railroad monopoly is only to a slight extent due to advantages of location. Still less is it due to special legislation in favor of corporations. The exercise of the right of eminent domain may sometimes make it possible to build railroads more cheaply than could otherwise be done, but it has little effect on their relations to the public after they are built. A railroad has a monopoly because one company can do the business much more cheaply than it can be done by several companies, so that only the most short-sighted policy will lead a railroad to place its rates at the level which will tempt the construction of a parallel line. For somewhat the same reason, adjoining railroad lines tend to consolidate, and the consolidated company, if properly managed, can serve the public better than the independent ones. And what is true of railroads is true, with various modifications, of nearly every other modern industry employing a large plant. The railroad monopoly differs from other monopolies chiefly in the extent to which it has been developed. The most important advantage of the single company is, that it can afford to extend its business without corresponding increase in expenditures. Business done by two companies must pay two sets of fixed charges; if one company by a slight change in methods can do the whole business, one set of fixed charges is saved. For any such extension of its business the company can make rates which little more than cover the wages and materials used in handling the new traffic. It is this possibility of doing a large business at slight addition in cost, which has been a chief factor in the reduction of rates on railroads, prices of manufactured goods, and other commodities or services in which large corporations deal.

But this implies that the new traffic is, in many cases, differently treated from the old. Some business bears the burden of fixed charges more fully than other business. Can the authorities of the corporation be trusted with an uncontrolled right to decide where this burden shall be placed? The history of railroad discrimination shows that they cannot. They have abused their power in such fashion as to furnish an excuse, though not a justification, for many of the most severe measures of restriction which have been tried.

The Granger legislation of 1871–75, however disastrous to all parties concerned, was at least undertaken in good faith by many of its promoters. Their sins were sins of ignorance. They believed that if the railroads could afford to handle any traffic for rates which did not pay fixed charges, they could afford to do the same thing for all their traffic. They passed laws reducing all rates to the standard of the lowest ones then existing, and they were bitterly undeceived when they found what was the real effect of such a course.

Their successors to-day know more about some of the complications of railroad business, but they really care less for the rights of property. The railroad legislation of to-day is actuated by a somewhat communistic spirit—which is not confined to Knights of Labor or to State politicians, but which sometimes appears where it would be least expected. The writer of a recent work on Industrial Liberty, Mr. John M. Bonham, who is as far as possible from being a Communist in other respects, falls into precisely this error when he comes to speak of railroad corporations. He speaks of the railroad officials as exercising a lesser trust for the benefit of the stockholders, a larger one for the public. He says that the former is subordinate to the latter—that the question of compensation to the investors is a secondary thing; and he demands that public trusts of this kind should be controlled with an exclusive view to the public interest, in the same way that private trusts are, or are supposed to be, regulated with a sole view to the interests of him in whose behalf the trust is created.

The merits of other parts of Mr. Bonham's work are such as to make an error of this kind all the more significant. The attempt to treat the question of compensation as something wholly secondary is a serious mistake. The analogy of a private trust does not hold good. In the case of a private trust the risks of a trustee are little, and his compensation may therefore be treated as a secondary matter. But in the case of a railroad the risks of an investor are very great. He must have a reasonable prospect of compensation to make him willing to undertake the public trust.

But this is not all. The practical effect of Mr. Bonham's proposal is to give the parties in whose behalf the trust is exercised control over the funds of the trustee. If you say to the community, "The duties of the railroad towards you are paramount to any rights of its owners for compensation on their invested capital," you pave the way for the most unwise reductions in rates. Experience shows that such will be the result—the character of railroad investments makes it certain. A railroad has not the same temporary means of defence which are available for certain other forms of business. It cannot withdraw from the field. Once built, it is there to stay, and is, for the time being, at the mercy of local legislative authorities.

But the reaction comes sooner or later. While such legislation may not drive existing railroads away, it prevents the development of new roads which are essential to the growth of the community. The State which adopts a policy of virtual confiscation falls behind its neighbors. Mr. Bonham does not shrink from facing this contingency; he says that "individual and public political rights are far more important than any convenience which a corporation can offer." But he will find few who are candid enough to follow him to this extreme. The great majority of his readers will prefer the conveniences of modern civilization to a somewhat vague ideal of industrial liberty. The logical outcome of Mr. Bonham's view would be a return to a less civilized state. Undoubtedly we can have more political liberty by foregoing some of the material advantages of

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civilization. But the really practical question is, how to combine the two with as little sacrifice as possible of either. This result can only be obtained by a policy of regulation as distinct from confiscation—by restriction without destruction.

The system of regulation by commission, which Mr. Bonham condemns as so inadequate, has at any rate the merit of being a practical compromise between the needs of the shippers and those of the investors. A set of men specially trained in problems of railroad policy can distinguish between the right and wrong uses of railroad power far better than a legislature can possibly do. They can stop those things which do the public much harm and the railroads little good; they can allow the continuance of those methods which are a necessity of good railroad economy, where the harm to shippers is much less than is commonly supposed. They do not need to make either interest subordinate to the other, but, as proved by experience, can act as a protection to investors and shippers both. And if any new line of policy is to be adopted, they can make the change slow instead of sudden, and give legitimate interests time to adapt themselves to it. This is a more efficient safeguard to the investors than any other.

This is the kind of work which a commission can do under favorable circumstances. But there is no virtue in the form itself. The members of a commission are under a constant temptation to magnify their office, and to pass from the work of regulation to that of confiscation. If they are incompetent, they will do it unwittingly; if they are actuated by political motives, they will do it designedly. The railroad controls few votes in proportion to the shippers; the reaction due to an unwise policy is so far distant in the future that the politician can leave it out of his calculations. It taxes all the energies of men like the Inter-State Commerce Commissioners to keep their authority within its proper sphere.

FORSTER AND GLADSTONE.

THE most interesting recent contribution to political literature has been Wemyss Reid's memoirs of the late William E. Forster, the English statesman, not so much because Forster's career was a very memorable one as because the book throws a good deal of valuable light on the origin of Gladstone's conversion to home rule. Forster came of excellent Quaker stock. His mother was one of the Buxtons, a good county family, but sacrificed her social position and opportunities, which were very brilliant, to marry a Quaker preacher whose religious fervor and purity and simplicity of character were his chief distinctions. He does not appear to have been either learned or eloquent, but he was absolutely detached in spirit from the things of this life, and passed years at a time away from his home and wife in truly apostolic journeyings. Their only child, William Edward, was brought up in thoroughly Quaker fashion in a home in which he saw nothing from his earliest years but plain living and high thinking. His parents were very poor, and his father was one of the most unworldly of men. He received little but a home education, never went to college, and, though he had influential friends and connections, got from none of them the kind of help on which young Englishmen rely so much. So he made his way finally, in American fashion, by starting in business as "a wool-stapler" in Bradford, on borrowed capital, with a partner as young and poor as himself. He had, however, from the first a passion for politics, got into Parliament as soon as he could afford it, made his mark very soon in debate by the display of what we call "level-headedness," was offered office by Gladstone, and came into full contact with the literary and intellectual world by marrying a daughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby. He soon obtained a seat in the Cabinet, and became famous as the author and promoter of the great Act which first gave the people of England a system of popular education. He did not accomplish this, however, without giving mortal offence to the advanced Radicals by the concessions he made to the clergy of the Established Church. They never forgave him, and he had to struggle against their hostility in his own constituency, Bradford, to the close of his career.

When Gladstone came back to office in triumph in 1880, and found that the condition of Ireland was the most serious problem with which he had to deal, he selected Forster for the place of Irish Secretary, not only because he had shown himself a first-rate administrator, but because both he and his father before him had always manifested the strongest sympathy with Irish grievances and sufferings. He recognized at once the strength of the case of the Irish tenants against the landlords, by introducing and passing in the House of Commons a bill, known as the Disturbance Bill, suspending temporarily the right of eviction for non-payment of rent, in consideration of the terrible agricultural depression, and pending the preparation of the Land Act subsequently passed. This Disturbance Bill was peremptorily rejected by the House of Lords, and Forster then found himself face to face with the Land League and a desperate tenant population on the edge of winter. The outrages began, and he met them by suspending the habeas corpus, and locking up, without trial, about 1,000 Irishmen of more or less prominence. The Cabinet left Irish affairs wholly in his hands. He assured them that he understood the situation—that all he had to do was to silence the agitators and imprison the "village ruffians," and order would be restored. He tried his experiments for two years, and Irish affairs during the whole period got worse instead of better. Finally, the discontent of the Liberals in England became so great that the Cabinet came to the conclusion that they must throw him overboard, and he resigned, broken both in health and spirits.

The Tories of that day were among his bitterest opponents, and loudly maintained that his coercion was unnecessary, that Ireland could be governed without difficulty by the ordinary law. But after they got into power and became coercionists themselves, they buzzed it about in every direction that Forster's failure was due to want of support from Gladstone, both in and out of the Cabinet, and Reid's book was looked for eagerly as likely to contain revelations on this point which would prove crushing for Gladstone and the English Home-Rulers. Never was disappointment more complete.

The testimony of Forster's letters to Gladstone's loyalty and coöperation down to the end, even after he had begun to doubt the wisdom of Forster's policy in Ireland, is as strong as it could well be. In July, 1881, when he was half-way through his troubles, Forster wrote to a friend: "In fact, one great compensation for the troubles and vexations of the last year has been the fact that I have got to know Gladstone, and really to love and honor him. No one could have been more faithful, or considerate, or generous to a colleague than he has been to me." Mr. Reid adds that when Foster resigned, he parted from "most of his colleagues" in the Cabinet "with open grief," "and from Mr. Gladstone especially he parted with profound sorrow"; and that he had received "a constant, and loyal, and generous support from his chief."

Curiously enough, too, it would appear that the exception made by the phrase "most of his colleagues" includes Mr. Chamberlain, who, though Mr. Reid veils his name occasionally under dashes, was Forster's chief opponent in the Cabinet, and chief promoter of the hostility to his Irish policy which finally led to his overthrow; and this was so well known that it was generally expected that when the "new departure" was resolved on, Chamberlain would take Forster's place in Ireland. All this gives color to the exposures of Chamberlain's double-dealing at that period which Parnell threatens to make before the Judicial Commission, and gives to his present rôle of a "conscientious" politician resisting the unscrupulous Gladstone a peculiarly diverting air. Gladstone's letter taking leave of Forster when the latter sent in his resignation, and it was understood that Gladstone was satisfied that the Irish problem could only be solved by home rule, contains in its first sentence the explanation of his subsequent course: "I have received your letter with much grief, but on this it would be selfish to expatiate. I have no choice; *followed or not followed, I must go on.*"

"*PRIVACY.*"

MR. HENRY JAMES, who has cultivated perhaps more than any novel-writer of the day the art of pointing contrasts between the minor morals of Europe and of the United States, has, in his last book, 'The Reverberator,' undertaken to compare European and American ideas on the subject of privacy—using that term to designate the exemption of private individuals and families from newspaper criticism, comment, or

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description. In fact, the book may be called a study of the American "newspaper man," as he is known to American society—that is, the man to whom the most important thing in the world is news, and to whom news is something which, whether true or false, people must have, and to whom the great function of the intellect is to be "newsy," "breezy," chatty, and to whom its highest achievement is the production of a very salable "gossipy letter," or a column of "Stroller's paragraphs."

He depicts this type in the person of a certain Flack, who occupies in Paris the place of correspondent of an American "society journal," known as the *Reverberator*, and is charged with the duty of letting in light on the inner recesses of European society. This creature makes the acquaintance there of two American girls, somewhat of the Daisy Miller kind, who are travelling with their father, a wealthy and retired speculator, and are attacking the social problems of Europe with the usual naïveté of their class. Flack seems so very knowing and cultivated both to the father and daughters that they unhesitatingly accept his advice in trying to see something of French life. He introduces them to an American portrait painter, who paints the portrait of the prettiest of the girls, and at the studio they make the acquaintance of Gaston Probert, a charming young man, whose father is a Gallicized American who has married into an old French family, very proud, very refined, and exceedingly private in its tastes and traditions. Probert becomes engaged to one of the girls, who is received into the family with more or less cordiality, and speedily, of course, finds out all about them. Like nearly all families, they have skeletons in their closet—incidents in their history which they would like to forget and which have been well-nigh forgotten, and personal traits and peculiarities on which they do not care to dwell. Seeing Flack frequently, the girl tells him all this little by little, and to Flack it is all news of the most ravishing description about the French "exclusives" and old fogies, and well calculated to make the circulation of the *Reverberator* take a great jump.

Accordingly, he manages to work it all into a letter apropos of the portrait, with numerous additions and embellishments of his own, intended to increase its "spiciness." It comes back to the Proberts, who read it with indescribable horror, shame, and disgust, and the scene in which poor Miss Francie, the American fiancée, has to face them and confess that it was due to her indiscretion and her acquaintance with Flack—to them an awful blackguard—is very dramatic, and is sketched with great power.

The story brings out in a very striking way the remarkable success the French have had in defending their private life from a press, part of which is really just as ruffianly and unscrupulous as the very worst of our newspapers. In one way or another, partly by legislation, partly by strong social traditions, particularly an extreme sensitiveness about family honor and respectability, they have managed to keep interviewers out of their houses, and to prevent family affairs from being converted into "copy." In fact, journalistic personalities and exposures are confined almost exclusively to journalists, who are even more merciless to each other than American journalists when "war" breaks out, and fight probably three-fourths of the duels which occur in France. Of these things French society takes little notice. It takes the view, which is not uncommon even in this country, that it is the nature of the journalist to be silly, unscrupulous, impertinent, or buffoonish; and that as long as he practises his art only on his fellows, who can repay him in kind, nobody need be troubled. Any attempt to subject private affairs to journalistic exploration is sternly repressed both by courts and juries. The publication of almost anything about a man's private life which he objects to and considers disagreeable, as long as he is not under accusation before a criminal court, is a penal offence. It is very rare indeed that a French newspaper in publishing an "item" of a disagreeable nature about anybody will venture to give more than the initials of the victim. The pursuit of afflicted families for news about their sorrow or disgrace is something still unknown in France; and so is the persistent ridicule and abuse of persons not in public life for the gratification of the editor's private malice, or in furtherance of a private quarrel of some kind, with which we are, unhappily, very familiar here. It may be that there too, eventually, as Flack observes, "the idea of sticking up a sign of private, and thinking you can keep the place to yourself," will be "played out," and that "privacy has got to go"; but thus far the French have held on to it very successfully.

Privacy in the best sense of the term is the virtue or the luxury of an old society. In all very new communities, the desire to live to one's self and keep one's affairs to one's self, and see only a restricted or in some manner selected circle, is considered more or less an affectation of superiority, and resented accordingly. There is a very good story of a traveller from one of the Eastern States hanging his shirt across the window of his room in the hotel of a mining town somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, in order to protect himself during his toilet from the gaze of some loafers on the piazza. It was soon thrust aside from without, and when the traveller asked the head which appeared at the opening what the intrusion meant, he was informed that they wished to know "what there was so darned private going on in there." In the first stage of civilization there is no privacy; it grows as the community becomes larger and more complicated. But it is kept down, even in our great cities, by the newspapers working in combination with the large class which loves notoriety. The journalist who starts out with a sense of the sacredness of a man's personality and private affairs, is very apt to have his reverence for them greatly blunted, if not destroyed, by finding that the lovers of publicity appear to the journalistic eye to be in a majority, so numerous are those who dread nothing so much as obscurity, and would sooner be known for anything than not known at all. It is among these people that many of our young journalists obtain their experience of public tastes and needs, and it is not surprising that they soon become hardened explorers of private life, and cynical disbelievers in professions of dislike of the popular gaze. But it is none the less true that since communities were delivered from the daily terror of being sacked, massacred, or led into captivity by victorious invaders, nothing causes as much keen suffering to innocent people as the newspaper exposures of their misfortunes or weaknesses, or, in some cases, of their peculiarities. The most sensitive or well-behaved journalist gets so soon indifferent to the sillinesses, buffooneries, or insults of his esteemed contemporaries, that he loses the power of entering into the agony of mind of private individuals whose home has been laid waste by inquisitive reporters; but there is no faculty the young journalist should so carefully preserve and cultivate.

EATING AT SEA.

THE London *Standard* has been descanting with much force on the excessive consumption of food which goes on on all the great ocean steamers, and particularly those patronized by Englishmen. It says that people on shore are getting over the meat-eating habits of an earlier generation. They eat less of everything, and particularly less beef, but at sea they seem to try how much beef, mutton, and fowl they can consume in the course of the day, even in the tropics, and they wash it all down with plenty of strong wine, and go to bed on spirits and water. Americans are not so bad, but they do not lag far behind. Shipboard is a very dull place. The amusements are few; everybody has not the habit of reading, and very often the most practised readers find it difficult to stick to a book in a steamer. Either the jar of the machinery fatigues the eye, or there is enough stomachic disturbance, even among "good sailors," to make the attention fickle and fugacious. Accordingly the meals become the principal events of the day, and steamboat-owners, as a matter of business, make them as frequent as possible. Luncheon follows rapidly on a late breakfast, and then comes dinner and supper, both as heavy as any one likes to make them, and they all sorely task a digestion which receives little or no fortification from exercise. The consequence is that it is only the really delicate, who eat little on shore and are sick at sea, who get much good from a sea voyage. The robust, hearty feeders are almost always worse off when they land than when they embark.

And then there are in every ship a good many boastful eaters—that is, men who eat heartily out of pure braggartry, to show that they are good sailors, and to enable them to look contemptuously on the squeamish people. There is probably, especially among Englishmen, no form of pride so pronounced as the pride of exemption from

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seasickness. Of course, in nine cases out of ten, it is, among landsmen, a mere peculiarity of physical constitution, like the ability to take certain kinds of food which disagree with other people; but it nevertheless puffs a man up in an extraordinary degree. It gives him a secret consciousness of some sort of connection with the Vikings and the great modern admirals and discoverers, and a delightful scorn for those who "go below" when the ship begins to pitch. In addition to this, they look upon it as a peculiarly masculine trait — a sentiment which *Punch* some years ago embodied admirably in the lines:

> "A man's an ass that's sick at sea,
> At him I do deride.
> But woman is a tender flower,
> And delicate inside."

Many a man lands at Liverpool or Southampton in our day, with his digestion terribly disordered, simply through vainglorious cramming on shipboard—a very high price to pay for fame which is in its very nature both shadowy and fleeting.

Much the same observations may be made with regard to yachting. To any one who can bear the sea even tolerably there is, particularly in American waters, no more delightful form of recreation than a cruise in a reasonably well-appointed sailing yacht which carries a competent cook. The silence, the change of scene, the purity of the air, the freedom from dust and smoke, the absolute escape from business cares and worries, make it probably the best vacation a tired brain-worker or business man can take. But it is an expensive luxury, within the reach of but few, and the few who have it do not profit by it nearly as much as they might, owing to this same snare of eating and drinking too much. Owners of yachts are apt to be hospitable souls with plenty of money to spend, and they enjoy filling themselves and their guests up with good food and good liquor, and generally find the guests most receptive. There is, too, even less opportunity for exercise on a yacht than on a steamer, and there is as great consumption of victuals, and probably in a large number of cases a greater consumption of punch, and brandy, and soda, and champagne, and choice cigars. The consequence is, as hundreds can bear witness, the yachting man is only too apt to come home with his liver in a bad state, and with gloomy views of life and of business prospects, and with a good many additional pounds of flesh for which he has no use, and which burden his heart and lungs seriously. In fact, it is curious, considering the amount of money spent on the sea as a place of recreation, how little health and vigor is got out of it.

THE DALMATIAN COAST AND MONTENEGRO.

CORFU, July 15, 1888.

THE long, broad wedge of Austro-Hungarian territory, extending southwards from the main body of the Empire nearly to Albania, encroaching upon and enveloping the smaller States of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, and forming the eastern boundary of the Adriatic, presents much that is interesting and complex, politically and socially, as well as many curious vestiges and reminiscences of the past. The outlying and irregular chain of islands off the coast are not fertile or to any extent inhabited, but they form extensive waters for sea-fisheries that have always been and are still of value, principally for tunny and mackerel. The region differs essentially from the sections above and below, in being more mountainous, desolate, and treeless in appearance, and in sparseness of population. The hard limestone rock is ever grayish blue, but little soil forms, while many of the islands rise out of the sea in round, flat masses, without a sign of life; a few only rise in irregular peaks, with slight soil and signs of vegetation in the crevices and valleys. On the mainland the mountain ranges abruptly shut out the sea, the rivers debouch by considerable falls, and where harbors exist they are remarkable for size and security. It is a land of rugged features, containing much grand scenery and many small basins of fertile land deep down in the valleys and hill slopes, with races of liberty-loving, physically strong people. Old Venice procured its fleets and seamen in great part from this coast—the training-station for Austrian seamen now—the storms and dangers of which are well known; and, to this day, they tell of the forests that once existed and that vanished in the building of the ships, and finally were wantonly destroyed in the later years of the Venetian power.

In all the ports, from Fiume in the north to the Ionian Islands in the south, the Italian language is spoken by most of the people, next being the native Slav tongue, and lastly the German. The military and the larger business firms use German, the smaller shop-keepers and fishermen Italian, these languages persisting some way into the interior. The Greek faith prevails, excepting in small parts of Herzegovina and Montenegro, where the receding tide of Islam has left its scant traces. One meets everywhere an abundance of churches and chapels, many quite new, and a suggestion of power and influence from the direction of the orthodox Russian or Greek Church.

What is, however, most apparent, is the fact of Hungary's activity and vast money expenditure in forcing recognition for her natural productions, building a fine large port of export at Fiume, and the making of rail and other methods of communication. Railways now exist from Fiume to the north and east, connecting with systems in those directions in Croatia and Hungary, and with roads to remote points in Bosnia and Servia. Short lines connect Sebenico on the coast with Spalato, Dernis, and Knin; further south, Metcovich with Mostar and Serayevo. By sea the steamers of the Austrian Lloyds ply regularly and frequently between all the ports. The impression is gained that a change is taking place among these races, not perhaps voluntarily, but still for the greater security of life and property. Schools are opened, hospitals are found in the larger towns, the methods of summary vengeance and punishments by the old tribal systems and customs are being put aside, and many of the young men are sent abroad for higher and professional training. Schools now exist for both sexes in Zara, Sebenico, Podgoritza, and in most of the towns; and in Cettigne, the Montenegrin capital, they are constructing a lyceum, to contain also a theatre. Moscow and Vienna are usually selected for university or special training for the civil occupations, while many of the young men, particularly in Montenegro, seek military instruction in the Russian Army, some having made in recent years active campaigns in the operations of that army along northern Persia in Turkomania.

Fiume, since 1867, has had expended upon its artificial harbor and appurtenances the sum of 35,000,000 florins, the present annual outlay being given at 2,000,000 florins, and the port is not yet finished. The population is 25,000, the exports of flour and lumber now exceed those of Trieste, and from an insignificant Croatian village it has become a large port and the outlet for Hungary. The flour mainly goes to South America, prunes and wines to the United States, and lumber to Europe generally. The new modern city is well kept and clean, with good hotels and wide streets, and is in striking contrast to the older hillside town, with its rookeries and narrow streets. The surrounding country is in great part deforested, but is receiving governmental attention in this respect. The Austrian Naval Academy for the training of officers is situated here. It contains four hundred pupils, and in the curriculum the acquisition of at least four languages is required. There are numerous chemical works, and the manufactory for the famous Whitehead torpedoes. The town has a southern exposure, the climate being mild; elsewhere in Dalmatia extremes occur, with much snow in winter, and in the autumn an enormous rainfall.

Sebenico, formerly the finest and strongest city of Dalmatia—having once withstood successfully a siege from 40,000 Turks—is an important port a short distance south from Zara. The approach from sea is by a series of inland waters, and, finally, through a narrow lane a few hundred feet wide in the solid rock, with sheer sides several hundred feet high. On one side of this channel is still standing a fine type of one of the old Venetian circular forts, with a large sculptured lion of St. Mark over the main portal. These old fortifications remain in good preservation throughout all the towns of the coast to the number of hundreds, including town walls and citadels, hill forts commanding roads and villages, and strategic islets. They are built of brick, principally, of the thin hard-burnt, durable kind, originally from Italy. The familiar winged lion is found in panels of towers, over portals, and in the façades of churches; while the bell-towers, the quaint town squares—notably at Ragusa—and the type of architecture in the narrow streets and silent dark churches, all remind one of the old domination. Sebenico has a large circular harbor with the Kerka River from the interior. The seamen's training station is situated here, with its schoolships and paraphernalia, and an average of five hundred boys is constantly in attendance. There is a little wine and oil for export, and some liqueurs—notably the maraschino, made from a species of wild cherry. Upon going up the river some six miles, past the old Roman town of Scardona, through bare rock clefts and one large bay, the striking falls of the Kerka are seen. They are composed of numerous broad cascades and irregular falls, one above the other, for several hundred feet, the total fall being not less than one hundred and fifty feet. The banks are beautifully green and tree-covered, as well as the points and basins in the midst of the falls, and large trout are taken in these pools and further above. Rude mills are hewn in the rock and exist all about here, painfully grinding flour and Dalmatian powder for insects, and in washing and bleaching white the coarse woollens of the natives. The people are a dull lot, though strong and hardy, and every man possesses—even if poor—large silver globular buttons, and enormous weapons in his waist-scarf.

Bosnia has its outlet port at Spalato, a considerable town of 11,000 inhabitants, picturesquely situated on a hill, connected by rail with Sebenico above, and with not a good har-

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bor. The ruins of the palace of Diocletian are found here, his native place, and are the only attraction for the visitor. Herzegovina has for its outlet by sea Ragusa, the famous old republic. The country hereabouts is more wooded and fertile, and more prosperity and activity prevails. The city possesses great walls, a citadel, and a large fort on the adjoining mountain. The harbor is not secure, and larger vessels use the neighboring one of Gravosa. Without the walls has sprung up a new town, with public institutions and hill drives, and much beautiful and flowering vegetation is seen. The garrison numbers seven hundred, who are here, as elsewhere in Dalmatia, mostly Hungarians. The quaint old city contains some ten thousand inhabitants, and is built on a projecting rocky spur, the sea washing its high walls in great part.

The Austrian dominions narrow from here downwards rapidly, and at Cattaro the wedge of territory thins to a few miles and less, the Montenegrin boundary being just above the town on the mountains. The great bay of Cattaro is remarkable for its size and irregularity, extending for fifteen miles into the interior between lofty mountains, with fertile stretches of plain and valley, and containing many small villages on its shores. Over the whole scene—with the gray monasteries on solitary islets, and ruined churches—there hangs an air of partial desolation, of the past. There seems to be a lack of life about the many-storied houses on the banks and in this rich, fertile environment, and the seal and mark of old Venice is upon everything still—the architecture and the winged lion. Cattaro at the head of the bay much resembles Ragusa, and is within walls of great strength and ingenuity, zigzagging up a steep rocky slope several hundred feet. Immediately behind the town the mountain rises to 5,700 feet, over which passes the new road (as well as the old trail) to Cettigne, the Montenegrin capital. This carriage-road was built by the Austrian Government, and ascends the mountain by a system of zigzag developments, one over the other, to the number of some twenty-six in full view of Cattaro; the final long plane of ascent leading over the frontier, marked by a line of square white stones. The road continues over the range and gently descends into the upper valley and village of Negus—the native place of the present Prince—then crosses a second high mountain range, and, in six hours from the time of leaving Cattaro, leads down into the second valley and the capital of Montenegro. Austrian engineers superintended the construction of the road on Montenegrin territory, the work being done by their own labor and money. From Cettigne the road leads to the river Moratcha, a short distance above its entrance into the Lake of Scutari. There are no other roads like this in the country, and communication is still by primitive paths and trails.

A carriage with two small active native horses is easily procured to make the journey from Cattaro to Cettigne, though it could be walked readily enough in a day. In all directions one sees the utter desolation of the bulk of the country—it all seems to be rocks as far as the eye can reach; but few birds, insects, or life of any description can be seen, and only at rare intervals hidden in some deep hollow is there a bit of soil with its standing corn, potatoes, beans, or grain. On the slopes of the few valleys there are streaks of stunted pine, scrub-oaks, and sage brush. The Austrians have here in the past eighteen months constructed some new mountain forts—one with a centre steel turret—commanding the valleys and approaches about Cattaro. Travelling over the mountain trails is extremely arduous and difficult for the stranger, the path being only marked by the smoothly worn shining rock points. The natives cling to the rock by their hide sandals, constantly using the hands, and they can cover long distances in an incredibly short time. In going on the old paths, however, one meets quaint piping goatherds, and sees more of the natives in their rude stone huts and occupations.

Cettigne, the capital and residence of Prince Nikolai I., consists of some two hundred houses in an irregular upland valley, with several other villages scattered about on higher slopes in the rocks, and is not more than two miles long by from half a mile to a mile wide. The few rectangular streets contain some native shops and, at the end of the main street—*en face*—the hotel kept by a family of natives in the European manner. The Prince's residence, a large plain house, is close by on a side street, contiguous to a small garrison and arsenal, the post-office, and other unpretending public buildings. There is always a guard on duty here composed of a few men and officers. The town also contains the state prison, a hospital, four schools for boys, a girls' seminary, one gymnasium or higher school, a lyceum in course of construction, some Greek churches, and a large monastery. One small weekly newspaper is published in the native (Slav) language. Cettigne appears like a quiet New England mountain town, except for the parti-colored costumes and arms of the natives. Ministers and general officers of state stand about in groups under the trees, there are no beggars, and one feels that here exists a commonly united people with simple aims and ambitions. In a small grove near by, some men and boys were practising at games of skill and athletics, some drinking-shops were a bit noisy—it was the day after the feast of St. Peter; but there was little fussing about, stir of life, or business activity. The wants of the inhabitants are simple and easily supplied, and beyond the little dingy shops, few in number, there is no trade or commerce. The men, in their baggy blue trousers, white leggings, and hide sandals, embroidered jackets, long white cloth half-coats, and small square caps with the Prince's initials embroidered in gilt on the top, are handsome and picturesque-looking—each with an immense revolver in the waist scarf. The women do not look so well, their skirt being now longer than formerly, the jacket short, with the embroidered sleeve thrust through the sleeveless coat, and the waist not constricted. The men appear to have all the leisure, adornment, and looks, while the allotted portion of the women is constant labor and burdensome tasks; at least, most of those seen appeared bent, shapeless, and prematurely old. Both sexes wear the small cap, the women with often a long veil falling behind, starting from a button on the front. Priests and women wear the hair long, the men being notably close-cropped, with long moustachios and smooth chins. As a rule, they are a tall race and bear pain well, though, as I am informed, of nervous temperament, the result of centuries of murderous warfare with the Turks. All males capable of bearing arms are liable for military service, the number of fighting men being estimated at 75,000, of whom 20,000 are in the first class, and the remainder in the second and third classes, subject to call. They have six batteries, three being of Krupp guns. Since the last war with Turkey, the outcome of which they are extremely proud of, there has been nothing more serious than small affrays at the Albanian frontier. Many of the older men wear medals gained by conspicuous courage and skill in that and other Turkish wars; and if one could believe some of the stories related of these gray-haired veterans, there are not many heads left in Albania, and head-collecting must have been for years their sole occupation. For the most part the army is formed of groups composed of individuals coming together from the tribal communities, the whole being an irregular body of mountain fighters; how well and how tenaciously they carry on war in their rugged mountains the world already knows. The telegraph connects the towns and strategic points, and there is a system of signals and alarms for use in times of disorder and war.

The Montenegrins have no coinage, and use the Austrian gold, silver, and paper money in Cettigne. Their modern arms are also Austrian, yet, from what is heard and seen, Russian influence is paramount. There are a Russian minister, and agents of English, Turkish, and a few other Powers, living here; and it is hinted that much aid financially and pay to some of the general officers comes from the great northern Power. Taxes are levied on cattle, land, and imports, and there is no debt beyond one of $400,000 contracted privately by the Prince in Vienna some years ago and bearing interest at 5½ per cent. The Prince has a council of ministers of war, finance, education, church, and external affairs, but he is in reality an autocrat, and not accountable to any one. He is much beloved, and worthily so, by all his dutiful subjects. The family consists of nine children and the Princess—a noble-appearing, handsome woman, with lustrous dark eyes and hair. The Prince and his heir, now seventeen, are gone on a short tour to Europe. Considerable fertile land accrued to Montenegro by the terms of the Berlin Treaty, including Podgoritza, a town of 10,000 people, and the eastern part of the principality is comparatively more valuable and less mountainous. The whole population is now 220,000. The chief men in their districts throughout the country preserve order, and the old tribal customs of rule and management prevail; the Prince deciding upon the severer punishments. In the prison were not over a hundred criminals, many being banditti. From the Prince down, every member of the community is supposed to be an example of courage, fortitude, and moral conduct. Quite recently, gold-embroidered garments have been prohibited and will be no longer worn, the Prince saying that his people had a better use for the little money they possessed.

By walking out from Cettigne several miles southeastwardly I was shown from an elevation the lake and in the distance the town of Scutari in Albania. More vegetation and a greater variety is seen in this direction. Much land is valueless from constant overflow, which a little engineering might remedy. Albanians are rarely seen in Montenegro, and are not always treated civilly; they wear the white fez and longer embroidered trowsers of the Turks, and they are by contrast ill-looking. Antivari and Dulcigno are the two small unimportant seaports of Montenegro, the latter only having a small harbor; they possess but little trade and commerce.

C. A. Siegfried.

THE TEMPLE OF PAPHIAN APHRODITE.—I.

Paris, August 7.

Before a combined meeting of the friends of the British School at Athens and the Cyprus Exploration Fund, held in London on the 18th of last month, Mr. Ernest Gardner, Director of the school, gave an account of the important work of the year in Cyprus. Mr. James has

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uncovered, upon the summit of the so-called "Lion's (Leondari) Hill," the wonderfully solid foundations of a huge and very ancient building of stone—it was probably a stronghold. Around it are many tombs in which pottery of various kinds and epochs have been found. Mr. Hogarth has been unearthing at Amargetti, distant a half-day's journey inland from the site of Old Paphos, the tokens of an ancient Apollo worship. Many tombs have been opened with interesting results, some near Nicosia, which has been the capital since the days of the Lusignan Kings, in the hills close to the temple of Aphrodite at Old Paphos. Work of interest has thus been in progress and is still progressing in various parts of Cyprus; but the chief contribution to knowledge obtained thus far by the Cyprus Exploration Fund results from the admirably conducted excavations which have unearthed at last all that remains of the temple of Aphrodite at Old Paphos. A minute account of these walls, patched many times, and as often overturned by earthquakes, was given at the same meeting by Mr. Elsey Smith, a student of architecture attached to the British School by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

The means by which these investigations have been made possible, the Cyprus Exploration Fund, is due to the generosity of the Hellenic Society, of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge respectively, of the British Archæological School, of the Institute of Architects, and of private subscribers, among whom it is interesting to notice our adopted countryman, Gen. Louis Palma di Cesnola. Exploration alone, without adequate means of publication, would leave the world little wiser than before. Fortunately, there is every reason to expect that the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* will make known the valuable results obtained.

While this information is preparing, it behooves those who would profit by it to turn away from the darkness which hitherto has been all the light vouchsafed upon Cypriote matters. The chief lesson which I have learned from a recent tour of three weeks in Cyprus, has been that trustworthy information is hard to disentangle from the mass of misinformation now available. So many travellers who took pains elsewhere were careless when they spoke of Cyprus—so many learned men have talked of Cypriote topography without visiting Cyprus—so many unlearned men have visited Cyprus and rushed into print, that the world is full of falsehood, and Cyprus is a by-word, not, like Crete, for the lies that come from it, but for those that are brought to it and inflicted upon it. What Ferdinand Dümmler says of Cypriote "Keramik;" may be applied universally to Cypriote archæology: "It is a shapeless, monstrous mass, so shocking that most archæologists let it alone."

The most every-day question, if it concerns Cyprus, will not get itself answered without much searching and many surprises. If, for instance, you wish to know where Old Paphos is, look in the seventh edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and read: "PAPHOS: in *Ancient Geography*, two adjoining islands on the western side of Cyprus, the one called *Palaea Paphos*, and the other *Nea Paphos;* and when Paphos is mentioned without an adjunct, this latter is always understood." After the first shock is over, there is a natural desire to know whence this precious information came. It was not derived from any map, for no map then available named any of the insignificant reefs between Cape Gatto and Cape Arnaut. Strabo, like Ptolemy, makes no mistakes about Cyprus; he is particularly clear about the two towns of Old Paphos and of Paphos. The poets had a habit of calling the whole island of Cyprus Paphos, but the only place in the universe where Paphos is called an island, as the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' would have it, is in a note on the sixty-fourth line of Virgil's second Georgic. Servius, by a slip of the pen, there talks of Paphos as an island. In two other notes he makes amends by clear accounts of both the places called Paphos.

But to return to the modern search for Paphos. Suppose it be granted that "bygones shall be bygones." Let the dead bury their seventh edition of the 'Britannica.' The last, the ninth edition, appeared years after the occupation of Cyprus by the English. Turn, then, for the truth, to the article Paphos, in the ninth edition. Here Old Paphos is described correctly, except as regards the river Bocarus, of which more anon; but the case with New Paphos is different. Here New Paphos is, but how changed from the island of the seventh edition! So far from being an island, it appears that New Paphos was situated "on a fertile plain, about ten miles inland from Old Paphos." Apparently, the writer has left it there to dry after its submersion, which lasted through two whole editions. Less flagrantly inaccurate, but still hopelessly confused, is the account of Old and New Paphos given by Élisée Reclus, in his 'Nouvelle Géographie Universelle.' Reclus has apparently dreamed only that there was more than one Paphos. In his account he confuses them, and on his map only one Paphos is marked. Decidedly, a person who has not the happy idea of turning to Strabo, Pausanias, or the notes of Servius on the tenth and first Æneid, will have to wait long for trustworthy facts about Paphos.

There were in ancient times two distinct towns, both of them named Paphos, and both upon the sea. One of them, the smaller and the older, was called Old Paphos, and is represented by the modern village of Koukliá. The other was called New Paphos, and is represented by the modern town of Ktíma. Ktíma, be it said, is not exactly upon the site of the ancient New Paphos, but lies very near it; a village called Baffa occupies a part of the actual site. If either Paphos be described as lying inland, it should certainly be Old Paphos. For this place, as Strabo correctly says, is on a hill ten stadia (over a mile) from the sea. At the same time Servius is not necessarily wrong in saying that in flourishing days of peace the buildings of Old Paphos spread down from the hill to the shore. Have the ten stadia that originally separated Old Paphos from the sea been transformed into miles and bestowed by the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' upon New Paphos as its distance at once from Old Paphos and the sea? In reality, New Paphos possessed a notoriously good harbor, which remained a great resort for shipping until the tenth century A. D. A glimpse of it given by the monk Cameniata, who was captured by the Arabs when they sacked Thessalonica, shows that in 904 A. D. it was still a natural stopping-place between Crete and the Syrian port of Tripolis. Before the tenth century was over, the Arabs and Greeks had pillaged and devastated the whole district of Old and New Paphos so many times that both towns had practically disappeared. Stephen of Lusignan, writing in 1572, speaks of the port of New Paphos as pestiferous and choked up by the invasion of the sea. Under Lusignan rule the town was governed by a functionary called "le Capitaine de Paphie." Ross, travelling in 1845, declared that the port of New Paphos might be cleared. In its ancient perfection this port brought worshippers of Paphian Aphrodite in great numbers to New Paphos. They moved in procession every year along the coast from this their place of landing to the goal of their pilgrimage, the most sacred and ancient shrine of Aphrodite upon the hill of Old Paphos. Old Paphos was the Paphos of poetry, and New Paphos was the Paphos of prose. New Paphos, having a good port, together with the command of a fertile plain, naturally gained commercial importance, and became, in ordinary speech, Paphos *par excellence*. Strabo and Pausanias both use Paphos for New Paphos and Palæpaphos for Old Paphos. The poets, on the other hand, have occasion to speak chiefly of Old Paphos. Commerce does not concern them, and, therefore, in Homer as in Virgil, Paphos means Old Paphos.

Old Paphos never had any importance apart from the temple which made it one of the great religious centres of pilgrimage in antiquity. With the disappearance of the worship of Aphrodite, Old Paphos ended. Like Delos, once a religious centre and now deserted, Old Paphos has seen a neighboring shrine enlist enthusiasm, purer, no doubt, but hardly more fervent, than that which moved votaries of old to throng about its "hundred smoking altars." Just as the island of Tenos, over against Delos, has become the Delos of latter-day pilgrims, so not far from Old Paphos is a monastery and a holy picture called the Panaghia Cheque, which in Richard Pococke's day (1738) was "as much resorted to by the Greeks as Loretto is by the Latins," for Pococke adds, "and they come to it even from Muscovy." The triumph of Christianity at Old Paphos has been dramatized in a legend of St. Barnaby, a native of Cyprus. The good saint was sorely distressed at seeing the most wicked and detestable idolatries that were practised in the temple, with all manner of lewdness. He uplifted his face and stretched his hands towards heaven praying to the Almighty. His prayer was no sooner ended than the temple was straightway stricken by lightnings and thunders until it was overturned, and all who were in it were brought to a miserable and sudden death. "On en veoit encor les vestiges," the narrator adds. That is to say, this story must be true, for are not the ruins of the temple there to prove it?

The modern village of Koukliá (Pococke's Coukleh, called Couvoucles in Lusignan times) is so insignificant that it can hardly be said to represent the Old Paphos of antiquity. Nor can it be said that the mixed population of to-day, Turkish, Greek, and Nubian, maintains the memories of old. Indeed, an acquaintance of three days' duration with the ladies of Koukliá at the time divided between the too enthusiastic celebration of Easter and pagan neglect of it, leads me to qualify the praises of their loveliness sounded by the good brother, Stephen Lusignan. For the sixteenth century, perhaps, but not for the present day, his words are appropriate: "But the dames of Paphos surpass—according to the more usual opinion—all the others; inasmuch as it was there that the gods, their ancestors, had their abodes." In justice to these ladies I ought to add that no longer ago than the year 1806 Ali-Bey—a Portuguese travelling as a Turk—visited Koukliá and gave a far more flattering report. In fact, he was so engrossed by the charmers of his host's household at Koukliá, that he did not see the temple on his first visit. He had to come back a second time for that. Dr. Richard Pococke in 1738 assumed a very different tone, saying of Cyprus at large: "The women are little superior to their ancestors with regard to their virtue." Freiherr Joseph von Hammer-Purgstall, on the other hand, was charmed by the maidens of Amathus, "of figure so comely,

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with eyes so bright, and ways so gentle that they might still to-day be the priestesses of Aphrodite."

But there are questions less beguiling than these computations of comparative loveliness, which must be answered before it can be easy to profit by the publications forthcoming in England. The nature of these questions would be shown if a copy of General di Cesnola's 'Cyprus' were opened at its eighth chapter, and if then points of interrogation were sprinkled rather freely along the margins of every page. These eloquent question-marks would be absent only from pages 207, 208, 209, and from the last page of the chapter, which contains a somewhat overcharged peroration and a picture. Here, as upon pages 208 and 209, a question of taste might be raised, but still the trick which General di Cesnola played upon his Turk illustrates the wonderful hold, not even yet relaxed, which the notion of buried treasure has upon the Cypriote mind. Ludwig Ross, whose wide knowledge of the Mediterranean islands gives weight to his opinion, declares that nowhere does this "idée fixe" take such stubborn shape as in Cyprus. He tells, indeed, two or three stories of Cypriote credulity and superstition about this matter which might have come from the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' And yet Ross visited Cyprus as lately as the year 1845.

But to return to the question-marks. There should be no question-mark on page 207, because it chronicles an observation worth its weight in gold. Our author there says that only a government with ample funds could undertake to remove the many feet of rubbish accumulated upon the site of the temple at Old Paphos. The pity is that this very just observation did not prevent him from giving a ground-plan of the temple and from going into all manner of details.

On the first page of the chapter it is hinted that Cinyras may not have been a mythical character. This is misleading, since there is no room for doubt as to Cinyras; he certainly was and is a mythical character if mythical characters there are. Then our author says that the priesthood at Paphos, held by the Cinyradae—a family or caste claiming descent from Cinyras—continued even to Roman times to be an office of high dignity. This is undeniable, but Cato's offer of this priesthood to King Ptolemy in compensation for the throne of Cyprus does not prove it. If General di Cesnola could truly add that Ptolemy accepted the priesthood as an equivalent, or as something he was glad to get, then the point would be well taken. But the fact, not mentioned by our author, is that Ptolemy answered Cato by taking poison, and chose death rather than this position of dignity.

On the next page (205) our author, in speaking of Koukliá, talks of "fine architectural fragments in marble and granite, . . . the cost of one of which must have been far greater than the value of all the modern dwellings at Koukliá." These expressions about the cost and artistic merit of the temple remains at Old Paphos, whether in the village houses or elsewhere, should be attributed to an amiable enthusiasm. Some are astonishing, many are puzzling, all are interesting, but none of them are fine. Of those who have visited the site, only General di Cesnola admires its architecture. Even the dithyrambic Von Hammer confines his admiration to the bushes and the birds. Again, had our author been called upon, as have Messrs. Gardner and Hogarth, to purchase several modern dwellings at Koukliá, he certainly would not have rated their value so low. Of the granite here mentioned I shall speak anon.

Below, upon this same page of 'Cyprus,' the opinion is expressed that Vespasian did not rebuild the town of Old Paphos when he rebuilt the temple. Seven pages further on it is argued, from the quality of stone used for certain inscriptions and from that used in the temple walls, that Vespasian "may after all have only repaired the temple of Paphos, or, if he rebuilt it entirely, it had been partly with the former stones." As for Vespasian's rebuilding of the temple it is certain that it marked an epoch in the history of Old Paphos, for the local coins issued under Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian are dated from the year of the new temple. The evident importance thus attached to Vespasian's reconstruction discredits our author's suggestion that it may have been only patchwork. Moreover, General di Cesnola is in error about the stone used in the temple building and inscriptions at Old Paphos, and consequently his whole argument concerning this rebuilding by Vespasian disappears. Again, it is more reasonable to think with Engel ('Kypros' i., p. 125) that the town of Old Paphos was rebuilt by Vespasian, than with our author that it was not so rebuilt. The reverence for the temple and oracle of Aphrodite at Old Paphos felt by the Flavian emperors is notorious; witness Tacitus in his account of the pilgrimage thither made by Titus Vespasianus. But if Vespasian did not rebuild the town, it certainly must have rebuilt itself, for it is as impossible to dream of the temple at Old Paphos, constantly resorted to, both as an asylum and as the seat of an oracle, without some cluster of houses about it, as it is to think of the more secular resorts in modern Switzerland without pensions or hotels. Therefore the next statement or suggestion of General di Cesnola is unfortunate. He says, "A great deal of the decorative and architectural material of Paphos was transported to the other city called Neo-Paphos." I cannot help the perhaps unjust suspicion that the writer of these words momentarily thought of New or Neo-Paphos as of a town which hardly existed until the earthquake toppled down its elder namesake. How, otherwise, could it have escaped his penetration that a rich agricultural and shipping centre like New Paphos would hardly regard as a windfall the broken bits of a neighboring hamlet?—for such, comparatively speaking, was Old Paphos, apart from its temple. Perhaps, though, the error which leads General di Cesnola to see at every turn imported granite in place of the coarse Cypriote stone which covers the site of Old Paphos, has again misled him. The people at New Paphos were rich enough to import granite columns from Egypt, and they did so. At Old Paphos there is no vestige of granite to be seen. There is no material there, and probably there never were any decorations, outside of the temple, which the "millionaires" of New Paphos would not have scorned.

On the next page (206) is mentioned the "purchase" by our author in 1870 of the "area of the temple and that portion of the peribolos, or outside wall, which was not occupied by houses." The word *purchase* here means, no doubt, the acquiring of the right to make excavations. If it be taken literally, the absolute failure of any landholder now living at Koukliá to remember any such transaction is hard to explain — the more so because the presence and proceedings of General di Cesnola's man Besbes are well remembered in the village. But this question of purchase is insignificant compared to that of the "peribolos" and of the "temple." These terms, "peribolos" and "temple," used as our author puts them, contain beforehand the whole of his ground-plan of the temple. There is an enormous *petitio principii* in taking it for granted that a temple of Phœnician origin will have, as Greek temples do, a peribolos wall. General di Cesnola, no doubt, thought he used his own eyes, but he was really looking with the eyes of Von Hammer, the first to talk of and map out an "Umfangsmauer" (see his 'Topographische Ansichten'). Engel based his whole account of Old Paphos upon Von Hammer, and often reproduces him verbatim without using inverted commas. For the most absurd part of Engel's description, however, Von Hammer is not responsible. Von Hammer thought he saw a peribolos wall, and made a shrewd guess as to where the temple stood. It was reserved for a young architect who had never visited Cyprus to describe minutely the temple itself. The name of this clairvoyant archæologist is Hetsch, and his preposterous ground-plan, made in Copenhagen, at a respectful and respectable distance from Paphos, is quoted by Müller in his 'Hand-book of Archæology,' while Engel devotes pages to its elaboration. Absolutely the only basis for all that Engel and Hetsch say of the temple is a word or two of Von Hammer about its position, and various effigies of the shrine upon local coins! Still, it will become evident anon that, in their idea of the size of this shrine, Engel and Hetsch, following Von Hammer, were far nearer the truth than General di Cesnola, after all his excavating and purchasing of ground.

Passing over three pages (207-209), we reach page 210. There it is written that "The great temple of Venus was situated on an eminence." With this there is little reason to quarrel, but look three pages ahead and read that this "famous temple must have been visible many miles out at sea." After this, contemplate on page 214 the picture of the "eminence" with enormous mountain peaks looming behind. The picture serves to explain what the text was intended to convey, and the whole is a gross exaggeration of the facts. I have seen the negative of a photograph taken so as to test General di Cesnola's illustration. After every allowance for the false perspective of photography, the fact remains that our author's illustration does not represent what any eye has seen at Old Paphos. The site is a charming one, but wholly lacks the Alpine grandeur of General di Cesnola's most misleading picture.

And now, turning back to page 210, we find our author committing himself beyond recall about the material of the temple at Old Paphos. First he speaks of the so-called peribolos: "The stone," he says, "is not from Cyprus, but, being a kind of blue granite, must have been imported either from Cilicia or from Egypt." Then he writes that "the walls of the temple itself" are made "of the kind of stone previously mentioned," *i. e.*, blue granite. We have already heard of fragments in granite built into the village houses, and are soon to hear of "inscribed pedestals" (p. 212) which are "mostly of the same kind of stone as the walls of the temple, but of a finer grain." Then, on p. 214, the two "monoliths" by the sea "are of a brownish granite, which is not to be found anywhere in the island." Here indeed we have granite, and to spare. Three different kinds, (1) blue granite, (2) blue granite of a finer grain, (3) brownish granite. The site of Old Paphos would at this rate be little short of a granite quarry. But what does Ludwig Ross say about the nature of the stone upon this site? Ross is the only man of scientific attainments who has published an account of the site as it was when General di Cesnola went to Cyprus. Where our author sees blue granite, Ross speaks of a wall "aus einem weichen durch

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die Zeit an der Aussenseite geschwärzten Sandsteine." The "peribolos," then, and the temple are of sandstone, says Ross. They certainly are not of blue granite. The fragments scattered about in the village, says Ross, are "aus gelblichem Kalkstein." Of this same calcareous stone are the monoliths, which General di Cesnola says are of "brownish granite"; these Ross did not see. The authority of Ross emboldens me to say that, during the three days of my stay at Koukliá, I wandered in every direction over the site of Old Paphos, and did not see a particle of granite there or down by the sea shore in the neighborhood of the two monoliths, which are not of granite. All the stones used for the inscriptions, and for the building of the temple, at Old Paphos are of the kinds which cover Cyprus, and there is none which has been imported. The only place where I saw granite pillars in Cyprus was at New Paphos. Ali-Bey as well as Ross saw them there, and both have especially mentioned them. There are magnificent granite columns also on the site of Salamis, but my visit to the ruins there was so hasty that I failed to see them. These Ross saw, and he calls attention to the probability that, like similar ones found on the island of Delos, they were used for interior decoration. Von Hammer, who was far from being in an accurate mood when he visited Old Paphos, does speak of granite, and also of white and of red marble. But he lays no such stress as our author does upon these materials, and would have been the first to yield to the superior accuracy of Ross. Ali-Bey, who, in spite of all his gallantries, had a practised eye, does not speak of any material at Old Paphos. He is content to make the ignorant observation, which Engel ponderously and pointlessly reproduces, that the ruined walls on the site were "cyclopean." General di Cesnola, therefore, is the only man who has ever seriously maintained that there was granite in large quantities on the site of Old Paphos.

As you glance further down page 210, it is worth asking how our author satisfied himself that "the temple, as rebuilt by Vespasian, seems to have occupied the same area as the former temple"; and again, protesting against the reappearance of Von Hammer's "peribolos, or outer wall." "Of this," General di Cesnola himself here says, "a few huge blocks only are now extant." If this be true, and from personal investigation I know that it is true, how can any human being pretend to know that these few huge blocks formed part of an extensive outer wall? But more of this anon. The author of 'Cyprus' now proceeds to tell of "a doorway, still plainly visible," on the west side. The doorway has evidently been there, but when our author proceeds to give its width as "seventeen feet nine inches," there must be a pause. Perrot and Chipiez, in their third volume, depend upon this, the width of General di Cesnola's doorway, for the admittance of a solemn and numerous procession. These authors describe with much animation an occasion when this door would be flung open to admit a gorgeous throng of worshippers. Alas! this procession must be excluded if there is no other door of admittance—excluded, or forced to enter one or, at most, two abreast. The doorway here was certainly not more than five feet wide. The two sockets for the "bolts" upon which the doors swung, the meaningless dimensions of which are correctly given in 'Cyprus,' stand plainly at the opposite sides of the doorway, and they are not five feet apart. The breach in the wall, at the beginning of which are the unmistakable traces of this postern gate, was correctly measured by our author. His mistake apparently resides in thinking that the two sockets were both on the same side of an enormous doorway. Grant him this, which is an absurdity; and if you ask him how a single door, enclosing a space of seventeen feet eight inches, could be hung at all, not to speak of hanging it upon two bolts five feet apart, I fear the answer would not be satisfactory. This is not the only case where General di Cesnola has misled Perrot and Chipiez in the third volume of their truly monumental 'History of Ancient Art.' This has happened, too, in spite of their conscientious efforts to correct and control his data. That both of these authors used every caution in accepting the data of 'Cyprus' is abundantly shown in their just criticisms of the various and self-contradictory plans given by General di Cesnola of the temple near Athieno, usually called the temple of Golgoi, and also by what they say (iii, p. 263) of the site of Old Paphos (the italics are mine): "Aujourd'hui même, malgré tout ce qu' ont bouleversé ou détruit des explorateurs *qui se sont proposé surtout pour but la recherche et l'invention des objets de musée*, peut-être des fouilles méthodiques, dirigées par un architecte, donneraient-ils encore de beaux résultats." It is to be regretted that their third volume had to appear before the publications soon to be made in England. In one matter their great knowledge of antiquity has enabled them to anticipate the results of actual excavation. In spite of the absolute silence of 'Cyprus' on the subject, Perrot and Chipiez say in so many words that there must have been extensive porticoes or sheltered ways near the temple. These porticoes have now been uncovered, and they occupy a large part of the area which General di Cesnola's plan marks as the temple. But I must not attempt to forestall the promised publications, for fear of adding to the mass of spurious facts which have buried the temple from sight almost as effectually as the vast accumulations of earth which much labor has at last removed. L. D.

Correspondence.

THE BLISS OF INDIRECT TAXATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following is an extract from a speech of Gen. Harrison, made at Put-in-Bay yesterday afternoon:

"And I may note also the fact that, notwithstanding this complaint of excessive revenue, there are some who suggest that they are not able adequately to arouse the popular indignation against excessive taxation because they *cannot disclose to the people when or how they are paying the taxes.* [Applause.] It is taken, they say, *so indirectly and so subtly that these—our plain people—don't know that they are paying them at all.* [Applause.]"

This seems to be all that Gen. Harrison said upon the subject. He does not claim, with the Senator from Vermont, that the burden of the protective tariff falls upon the foreign producer; on the contrary, he admits that it falls upon the consumer. But the merit of the system, to his mind, lies in the fact that the consumer is in blissful ignorance of the fact that he is himself the victim.

Very truly yours, Edwin Brainard.

Chicago, September 1, 1888.

TRUSTS AND PROTECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Suppose that the great wheat-growing kings of Minnesota, Dakota, and Nebraska should combine, and, through the influence of their greater wealth and other advantages, attempt to control the production and price of wheat, and consequently of flour, in this country. Suppose that this combination first secured legislation in Congress virtually prohibiting the import of wheat from any foreign country, and then, by the manipulation usually prevailing in such transactions, induced the smaller wheat-producers, the country over, for a bonus, to discontinue growing wheat. Suppose that, in consequence of the success of this scheme, the price of wheat were gradually increased to $5 per bushel, and that of flour in a corresponding ratio, to the consumer. Would this be a "Trust," with its legitimate results, or would it be "a private matter," with which neither the President nor any one else has any right to interfere?

Suppose that immediately after the successful accomplishment of this design, or at any other time, for some unknown reason, or for other reasons, the price of wheat should fall instead of rising; would this be justification for the claim that the wheat barons were patriotic citizens engaged in a laudable endeavor to furnish their fellow-citizens the necessaries of life at a minimum cost? Or supposing the price of farm labor on the barons' farms should continue somewhat higher than the same class of labor in England; could it be justly said that this was in consequence of the "combine" referred to, or that the wages of the laborer were protected by the reduction of the field for his labor consequent upon limiting the area planted in wheat to the lands of the Trust?

Is it a fair answer to the above suggestions to say: "It would be impossible to effect a wheat Trust such as you describe; therefore your proposition is not relevant"?

Is it a self-evident truth that whatever may be of benefit to England must necessarily be injurious to the United States, and, if not, upon what basis does the seeming disposition rest to regulate our commercial conduct by the amount of damage that may inure to England, rather than by the benefits we should derive from seeking foreign markets, naturally tributary to us, absolutely regardless of the effect, for or against England?

Respectfully, Thos. T. Turner.

St. Louis, Mo., August 29, 1888.

THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Speaker John G. Carlisle, in the closing paragraph of his very able speech on "Tariff Reform," in the House of Representatives, says, "We want not only the home market, but all the markets of the world for the varied products of this great country. We want to send our agricultural products, our cotton, and our breadstuffs and provisions to the agricultural peoples of South America, Mexico, and Asia."

Strong as it is, this is only a partial statement of the pressing need of this country. A nation, like an individual, cannot live in selfish isolation without injuring itself, not only in its material interests, but in its moral character and influence as well. Commerce is the great teacher of civilization, and by virtue of a beneficent law every teacher becomes a learner also. By our own folly, under the pretence of protection, we have swept from the ocean our merchant vessels and have driven away those of other nations. All this would, under a reformed tariff, be speedily amended. There is no industry more congenial to the enterprising spirit of this nation than that of foreign commerce, and we should soon find that we have much to learn as well as to teach through its peaceful and friendly methods. The persist-

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ent stifling of that commerce by arbitrary law for the benefit of a class, and to the injury of the rest, is unworthy a free and intelligent people. B.

BALTIMORE, August 31, 1888.

STRANGE ERROR OF A FORTNIGHTLY REVIEWER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following remarkable statement is to be found in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review* on "Social Problems in America," by W. H. S. Aubrey, LL.D., pages 856-857:

"Seeing that silver has been for some time at a discount, the practical effect is that the country at large has to suffer from the depreciation, for any one can obtain at the mint, in exchange for gold or United States bonds, silver coinage at the full discount, which he can use at the par value. Many large employers and storekeepers have been in the habit of purchasing silver in this way, so as to make a profit upon their payments for wages or commodities. The system is convenient for debtors and for all who have to pay money, but it is the reverse for creditors and for all who have money to receive."

Does it not seem as if the absurdity of this statement would be apparent even to those who might be ignorant of the facts in the case?

Yours respectfully, JAS. A. HUNT.

WINNETKA, ILL., August 31, 1883.

FATNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read your article on "Fatness" in your issue of the 16th inst., and am tempted by its perusal to submit to you a regimen which, if followed by your fat friends, will reduce superfluous flesh without injury to the constitution. I write from experience, having reduced my own weight fifty pounds.

Schweninger's plan of decreasing the quantity of food is good, but difficult to follow. Very few people have the moral courage to stop short in the midst of a feast of good things when they bring to the table appetites sharpened by fasting; who ever heard of a hard drinker setting down his glass of bourbon half consumed and resignedly walking away from it? No, sir, that particular glass he always empties; as old Rip Van Winkle says, "He won't count that one." The case of the hard eater is much the same; most fat people have vigorous appetites and indulge them. My plan for their reformation is precisely the same as for the drinker: as in his case total abstinence from the rosy is the only sure cure, so in the case of our fat friends absence from food that stimulates and excites the appetite, and at the same time weakens or destroys the resolution to be moderate, must be practised.

What shall we do, then, starve? By no means. I propose that you shall eat and drink all that you want, and that you shall take no more exercise than you are disposed to; this, surely, is easy enough of accomplishment. Now for the rule:

Morning.—Sponge bath, tepid water, rough towel; walk half a mile if convenient. Breakfast: one cup tea, coffee, or milk, no sugar, all the bread you can eat, no butter.

Noon.—Mush, milk, bread, vegetables, fruit, tea, coffee, or milk, no sugar or butter.

Evening.—Bread, fruit, tea, coffee, or milk.

Every other day three eggs with the noon meal, or, if the person following this treatment has been largely a consumer of animal food, then, three times a week, broiled meat, fowl, or fish of any kind, not to exceed one pound. Eschew all grease, pastries, and sweetmeats.

In a day or two the appetite for bread alone will enable the experimenter to make a hearty meal, and in a few days the disposition to move about will manifest itself, and the party will take exercise the most convenient or for which he has the most disposition.

If any of our fat and amiable brethren are induced to try this treatment, I shall feel amply repaid for the trouble of writing this letter, and I feel assured that you also will consider it a fair recompense for publishing the same if any one is benefited thereby.

Yours very truly, J. T. SUTTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, No. 4 CALIFORNIA ST., August 24, 1888.

Notes.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS' fall announcements include the work of which a foretaste is given in the current *Scribner's*, viz., ex-Secretary McCulloch's 'Men and Measures of Half a Century'; 'Dogmatic Theology,' by Prof. W. G. T. Shedd; the sixth volume of Dr. Philip Schaff's 'History of the Christian Church,' forming vol. i. (1517–1530) of the "History of the Reformation"; 'The Text of Jeremiah,' by Prof. J. C. Workman of Victoria University, Coburg, Ontario; 'Amos Kilbright: His Adscititious Experiences, with Other Stories,' by Frank R. Stockton; a new and uniform edition in eight volumes of Donald G. Mitchell's works; a select edition of J. T. Headley's historical works; 'The Five Talents of Woman;' and the following juvenile publications—'Children's Stories of the Great Scientists,' by Miss Henrietta C. Wright; 'Little People and their Homes in Meadows, Woods, and Waters,' by Stella Louise Hook; 'A Tale of the Indian Mutiny,' by Louis Rousselet; and 'Wild Men and Wild Beasts,' by Lieut. Gordon-Cumming.

J. B. Lippincott Co. issue next week the second volume of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia.' They will be the American publishers also of the new "International Statesmen Series," edited by Lloyd C. Sanders, of which the initial volume will be 'Lord Beaconsfield,' by T. E. Kebbel, writer of the sketch of Beaconsfield in Leslie Stephen's 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

The Messrs. Putnam are about issuing a second edition of Mr. C. B. Todd's 'Story of the City of New York.'

Thomas Whittaker will publish 'Studies in the Acts of the Apostles,' by Bishop Williams of Connecticut.

'Songs of Toil,' by the Queen of Rumania, translated by John Eliot Bowen, is in the press of Frederick A. Stokes & Bro.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written an introduction for a volume of Mr. J. Whitcomb Riley's verses which has been prepared for publication in England.

Mr. Froude has written a preface for a volume of travels in the United States which Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly publish. This is 'Our Kin across the Sea,' by Mr. J. C. Frith, a New Zealand colonist who visited us last year. The same firm will bring out, early in the autumn, 'The Inns of Old Southwark, and their Associations,' the title of a forthcoming work by Mr. William Rendle, author of 'Old Southwark and its People,' assisted by Mr. Philip Norman, who has been instrumental chiefly in collecting the numerous illustrations.

A revised edition of the catalogue of the loan collection of books, autographs, pictures, and relics shown at the recent Pope Commemoration at Twickenham, England, has been prepared by Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. H. R. Tedder. Orders may be sent to the librarian of the Twickenham Free Library.

The latest issue of the Camelot Series is a handy but copious volume of selections from above fifty of the leading writers of our prose literature, under the title, 'English Prose from Mandeville to Thackeray, Chosen and Edited by Arthur Galton' (London: Walter Scott; New York: Thomas Whittaker). The selections vary in length and in interest, but they have been chosen with judgment, and edited as little as possible. There are no biographical notes, with the exception of a few lines upon Southwell, who, the young editor seems to think, stands in need of an introduction; but in other cases he has "not ventured to doubt the knowledge or to outrage the intelligence" of his readers, and therefore confines his notes to the mere dates of the authors quoted. The plan has its advantages, especially for the literary reader. Many of the extracts are among the familiar noble passages of English literature; others are less known, particularly those from the divines; but all taken together are a fine illustration of the various music, the dignity, and the plainness of our tongue. The editor's reflection is perhaps the most obvious one, but it is certainly the most important: "One of the great uses of a book of selections," he says, "is to remind us that in all ages the really great writers have differed very little from one another; all good prose has the same qualities of directness, plainness, and simplicity." This use the volume serves admirably.

'Evan Harrington' is the latest of the series of George Meredith's novels to appear in the popular edition issued (with the author's sanction) by Roberts Bros., Boston.

Dr. Samuel Lockwood is well known as an entertaining writer on natural history, and his 'Animal Memoirs: Part I, Mammals' (Ivison, Blakeman & Co.) sustains his reputation in this particular. We cannot, however, agree with his publishers when they say that the pretty, illustrated volume is "just the thing for reading classes in our schools." The truth is, that Dr. Lockwood's style is open to grave objections as a model, being anything but simple and idiomatic. "This is trending on a profoundly interesting fact"; "his downfall was the outcome of an unwarranted confidence in his own abilities"; "the species or trivial distinction is based upon the external features"; "let us not damage Joey's record"—are characteristic sentences which children will least suffer from by not understanding.

A large part of the 'Selections from Ruskin' which Mr. Edward Ginn has made for the "Classics for Children," published by his firm, should likewise prove unintelligible to young readers and listeners. A further selection by the teacher is necessary from these abridgments of 'Sesame and Lilies' and the 'Crown of Wild Olive.' Neither have we here a style which, for all the reputation of Ruskin as a master of English prose, is one to set before children.

We recommend to teachers for their examination the 'School Grammar' prepared by David Salmon (Longmans), of which the unconventional scheme and the excellent typography are very attractive.

Whether more or less than a book, 'The Family Caterer' is likely to find many readers (American News Co.). It is a calendar of bills of fare for a whole year, and attached to it for easy reference is 'The Good Cook,' whose recipes are numbered to correspond with the respective entries in the calendar. The idea is ingenious. The unit of *quantity* has regard to the needs of a small family.

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A comely and dignified-looking campaign text-book is Mr. C. B. Norton's 'The President and his Cabinet' (Boston: Cupples & Hurd). The biographies (Thurman being included) are accompanied with portraits and views, and among the documents are the President's late tariff and civil-service messages, and the platform of 1888.

'Sur l'Eau,' by M. Guy de Maupassant, which appeared in some of the earlier numbers of *Les Lettres et les Arts* for the present year, has been published in a volume by Marpon & Flammarion (Boston: Schoenhof). The illustrations in the text, which fill its pages, are entirely new ones, by Édouard Riou, and not reductions of those which originally accompanied it in the large pages of the review, by Meissonier and others.

Madame de Witt, the daughter of Guizot, and one of the most inexhaustible of bookmakers, has published 'Du Visible à l'Invisible: Rêveries consolantes, d'après Mrs. Oliphant et Miss Elizabeth Phelps' (Paris: Perrin; Boston: Schoenhof).

M. Ernest Renan's new volume, 'Drames Philosophiques' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof), is a collection of his well-known writings, with the same descriptive title, issued singly during the last ten years. It contains 'Caliban,' 'L'Eau de Jouvence,' 'Le Prêtre de Nemi,' 'L'Abbesse de Jouarre,' '1802,' and 'Le Jour de l'an 1886.'

The announcement was made in the *Revue Bleue* for August 4 that its "Causerie littéraire" would hereafter be written by M. Jules Lemaitre. M. Maxime Gaucher, whose death was announced in the preceding number, had written the short and lively reviews of new books that have appeared in its pages under this heading almost every week during the past sixteen years.

L'Art for August 1 and 15 continues the account, partly autobiographical, of the career of the late François Bonvin, giving a number of his pen-and-ink caricatures evoked by his journey to Holland and Belgium in 1873, and a strong, unfinished full-page etching of a *fileuse Bretonne*. An eccentric (and finally insane) brother etcher, Charles Méryon, is commemorated by Henry de Chennevière in an article on the archives of chalcography at the Louvre. Méryon's literary style was refreshingly unlike the standard French staccato, and some quotations from him embrace sentences twenty lines long, with hardly another point than the comma. When we recall Mr. Cole's Italian work on wood, graver in hand, before the very canvases of the old masters, it is interesting to read Méryon's report of his own etching in the same way, holding the plate in his hand and the mirror, too, that reverses for him, and not even sitting down ("gravant même debout").

The most noteworthy article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for August is on the Artificial Changes in the Flora of California, by the late H. Semler. After a brief review of the agricultural history of the country he treats particularly of the small fruits, calling attention to the fact that, while the introduction of foreign species has been prosecuted with an energy amounting "almost to a mania," little or no attention has been paid to cultivating the wild native berries. Dr. Junker sends the substance of the news received at Cairo on July 5 by a messenger who left Khartum May 25, bringing letters from Slatin-Bey and Urwalder, one of the captive missionaries. In it is the startling statement that during the past two months the Mahdi had been preparing an expedition, consisting of 4,000 men, with four steamers and numerous transports, designed to attack a white Pasha in the south and to conquer his dominions. This is held in Cairo to indicate an impending attack on Emin Pasha, and the supposition is made that, in anticipation of this design of the Mahdi's, Emin may have marched his forces to the northward into the Province Bahr el-Ghazal, hence giving rise to the report of the advance of a white Pasha in that direction. This weakening of the Mahdi's army in Khartum, it is suggested, should be availed of to send an expedition against that place, which would doubtless encounter very little opposition, so oppressive is the tyranny of the Mahdi.

No. 34 of the *American Journal of Philology* opens with a paper "On the Stylistic Effect of the Greek Participle," by Prof. Gildersleeve, whose *obiter dicta* at the beginning concerning the participle in English and in German will arrest attention. One might infer that this scholar was "unfriendly" to the participle, as our bimetallist brethren say of silver. The editor also takes a hand, in footnotes, in the discussion of the "Sequence of Tenses in Latin," continued by Prof. W. G. Hale. The other leading articles are "Charleston Provincialisms," by Sylvester Primer; "The Pennsylvania German Dialect," by M. D. Learned; and "Gerunds and Gerundives in Pliny's Letters," by James W. Bright.

By a slip of the pen on page 159 of our last issue, we referred to the *Evening Post* of August 22 for a comparative table of the Mills bill and the present tariff. The true date of the paper is August 23.

—Some of the many persons in America who feel themselves under obligation to the late Matthew Arnold, may like to unite with his friends and admirers in England in the public testimonial which is proposed in his honor. Mr. Arnold died a poor man, and it is, we believe, the design of the Committee that has the matter in charge, to devote a portion of such sum as may be subscribed for the memorial to placing a medallion of the poet in Westminster Abbey, and to put the remainder of the sum at the disposal of Mrs. Arnold. Something over £2,000 has been raised in England. Should any of our readers wish to add to this sum, we shall be glad to receive their subscriptions, and to transmit them to the treasurer of the memorial fund.

—Hugh McCulloch's reminiscences of public men, in the current *Scribner's*, are interesting, but they show rather a temperate judgment than keen observation. They are almost entirely lacking in detail, anecdote, and that distinct personal impression, as of a character in a novel, which one expects to find in memoirs. He saw and was familiar with many of the great historical characters of the time, and he reviews the career and genius of several of them, giving a rather more favorable sentence than history has yet pronounced upon those who are or have been under a cloud—such as McClellan, Hancock, and Johnson; and a less favorable one upon the favorites of fortune, like Grant. What he says of Johnson is of most consequence. He testifies that in a daily intercourse of four years he never saw him under the influence of liquor, and quotes Lincoln as saying at the time of the inauguration, "I have known Andy Johnson for many years; he made a bad slip the other day, but you need not be scared: Andy ain't a drunkard." He also testifies that Johnson did not use his appointing power for personal ends, was free from any improper influences in his patronage, and administered his office with entire integrity in a clean and honest way. He admits that under bad advice Johnson did undertake to bolster up "a third party," but adds that there were fewer changes than is usual under the circumstances of the accession of a Vice-President to office. This is altogether the most favorable opinion upon Johnson that has been set down. For Arthur, the third President with whom he had official connection, he exhibits the warmest regard, especially for his resistance to the demands of his former political associates for offices, and says he "did not know which most to admire, his firmness in resisting their importunities, or his tact in retaining their good will, notwithstanding his refusal to comply with their urgent requests." He distinctly sides with McClellan, and disparages Grant even on the military side of his career, while for Sheridan, Sherman, and Thomas he has the highest respect. In all these judgments the lines of old differences are still so plain as to mark them as contemporary opinions by one whose sympathies are not entirely disinterested.

—The principal articles in the number besides this are, the Railway paper upon Passenger Travel, which is finely illustrated; one upon the modern Greeks, which incidentally pleads for the American School at Athens; and one upon the recondite subject of Campaign Medals, which possesses a curious interest. The writer of the last-named article, Mr. Gustav Kobbé, has been misled by the collector's desire to have a complete series. He figures the obverse of a medal bearing a kneeling female slave, the legend, "Am I not a woman and a sister?" and the date, 1838. The reverse, he tells us, is inscribed, "United States of America" and "Liberty." From all this he concludes that "it evidently commemorates the organizing of the Liberty party." But this party was not founded till 1839; and what we are dealing with is obviously a token coined by or in behalf of the female anti-slavery societies before the division in the ranks of the abolitionists, and while the future founders of the Liberty party were deprecating such a political organization. The division, by the way, Mr. Kobbé ascribes to the promulgation of the disunion doctrine by Mr. Garrison; but the separation in 1840 had a purely sectarian origin, and was prior to any talk or thought of disunion as an abolition policy.

—The September *Century* makes a new and useful departure in devoting nearly all the number not occupied by serials to subjects of education, in which one naturally finds reflected the most interesting current reforms, art and industrial education, the progress of women as students, and the question of methods in boys' schools. The last, which is perhaps the most important topic, is treated "under a parable" by the detailed account of Dr. Thring's school at Uppingham. He believed in so organizing a school that the commonplace boys should get their full share of attention, in opposition to the system that develops the prize-scholars at the expense of the others; and besides this leading idea, he had also many other original notions, which resulted in his introducing studies and pursuits unthought of in the old régime, such as French, tools, and gardening, and also in his providing a little room for each boy, not as a sleeping apartment, but for study and privacy. The stamp of the individuality of Dr. Thring is all over this school, yet although the tradition of his methods may long continue, the vitality of his experiments was undoubtedly in the man himself. His model, however, is full of instruction to those teachers who have boys in charge. In the latter part of the magazine the opposite theory of education—that it is the bright boys destined to fame who

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make the reputation of the school, and that it is necessary that the one genius should be developed—is guardedly and almost indirectly argued for, and the point is made that our improved colleges, with all their system, do not produce great men. But this is the old fallacy of ascribing too much to education, too little to other social conditions. Mr. Stillman, in a like vein, argues that the inferiority of modern art is due to the indifferent education which artists receive even in their technical work, to say nothing of the liberal studies. The Greek-letter societies receive the honor of an article and of a card of recommendation from Prof. Seelye; naturally, only one side of the shield has light thrown upon it. Prof. Sill is remembered in a eulogistic paper which tells us more of his private life than has yet been published, and it fitly finds a place in this number, for in his nature the teacher monopolized all other functions. We observe, among other matters of interest besides education, Minister Romero's account of his loan of money to Gen. Grant, which sets the transaction modestly but definitely in its true light—which is highly honorable to Signor Romero.

—The continued illness of Professor Newcomb, Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, directs no little attention to the colossal researches in theoretical astronomy which have mainly occupied him for a period of ten or twelve years. The general object of this work is the determination of the form, size, and position of the orbits of all the large planets of the solar system, from the best and most recent observations, and the preparation of entirely new and uniform tables for predicting the future positions of these objects. The first of the four sections of the work relates to the general perturbations of the planets by each other, and the part already in hand comprises the four inner planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, in which fourteen pairs of planets come into play. Twelve of these were completed some months since, and only the action of Jupiter on Venus and Mars remained undetermined. In the next place, the older observations of the planets must be recalculated, and thus problems constantly arise which cannot be met by general rules. All the observations at Greenwich from 1765 to 1811 have been completely reduced with modern data. Earlier Greenwich observations were similarly treated by Dr. Auwers of Berlin, who liberally presented the complete calculations as his contribution to the work of the Nautical Almanac Office. In a recent report of this work, Professor Newcomb gives further details of his progress in the treatment of other classes of planetary observations.

—Following this collation of all the available observations of each planet, comes the theoretical preparation of their corresponding positions at the time of observation. This forms the most laborious and difficult part of the work; and had Leverrier's tables, the best hitherto, been used without modification, Prof. Newcomb would have found it impracticable to complete it with the number of computers at his command; but he has skilfully avoided the difficulty by a reconstruction of Leverrier's work in such form that it should be much less laborious to use, while sufficiently accurate for the purpose required. These theoretical positions must next be compared directly with the observations, one by one, and the differences between the two are then, by suitable mathematical processes, construed as implying the nature and amount of certain corrections to the planet's motion in its orbit. More than a full year must still elapse, says Prof. Newcomb, before the work on the four inner planets will have advanced to the stage where this direct comparison is ready to be made. There remain the four outer planets, on the two more important of which, Jupiter and Saturn, Mr. Hill of the same office has been engaged for many years, and his new theory of their complicated motion is already in the printer's hands. The two outer planets, Uranus and Neptune, have not yet been begun.

—The August Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society opens with a striking account by Lieut. Younghusband of his adventurous journey across central Asia, from Pekin over the Gobi Desert and eastern Turkistan to Kashmir. The author, who accompanied Mr. James in his travels through Mantchuria, went in the simplest manner, having part of the time but a single servant, and apparently never more than ten. As he approached the desert, the soil became so friable as to crumble to dust "when the slightest pressure is put on it. In consequence of this, the roads are often sunk thirty or forty feet below the level of the surrounding country." Every cart in passing pulverizes the soil, the dust being immediately blown away by the wind. In the Gobi itself, rain fell sometimes, but would generally "pass off into steam before reaching the ground. Ahead of us we would see rain falling heavily, but before it reached the ground it would gradually disappear—vanish away—and when we reached the spot over which the rain had been falling, there would not be a sign of moisture on the ground." The inhabitants of Turkistan he found living peaceably under the Chinese rule, which is now much milder than it was before the insurrection of Yakub Beg. The most perilous part of his journey of some 5,000 miles was the crossing of the stupendous Mustagh Pass into Kashmir. This was so choked with glacial ice that the difficulties to be overcome, especially in the descent (six hours, for instance, spent in hewing steps in an ice-slope on the edge of a precipice at an altitude of 19,000 feet), make the most daring feats of Alpine travellers seem almost like child's play. He passed within a short distance of the second highest mountain in the world, K2, 28,250 feet in height. "The upper part, for perhaps 5,000 feet, was a perfect cone, and seems to be composed almost entirely of ice and snow." This peak it was proposed, in the discussion following the reading of the paper before the Society, should be henceforth known as Peak Godwin-Austen, after the officer who first surveyed the Mustagh range. Lieut. Wissman contributes a graphic sketch of a central African town which he visited in 1882. For ten miles the village street was lined with homesteads, each consisting of "four or five carefully built grass-huts, rising to a height of twenty feet," and surrounding a scrupulously clean courtyard. These homesteads were separated by gardens, in which fruits, vegetables, and medicinal plants were cultivated, as well as tobacco, hemp, and sugar-cane, while behind were thickets of bananas and plantains, the street itself being bordered with palms. The inhabitants, a tall and muscular race, had some knowledge of the arts, making "open-work battle-axes inlaid with copper," among other things. Only four years later, in 1886, he again visited this peaceful spot, but as he approached it he was struck by the dead silence which reigned. "Tall grass covers everything, and a charred pole here and there, and a few banana trees, are the only evidences that man once dwelt here. Bleached skulls by the roadside, and the skeletons of human hands attached to poles, tell the story of what has happened here since our last visit." The Arab slave-hunter had been there, and not this town only, but "the whole tribe of the Bene Ki, had ceased to exist."

SOME SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LOVE-LETTERS.

Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple. 1652–54. Edited by Edward Abbott Parry. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1888.

THESE letters have been partly known to the world before by some extracts from them given in Courtenay's Life of Temple, upon which Macaulay based a charming passage, describing Dorothy's character and courtship, in his well-known essay. When Temple was a youth of twenty and on his way to France, he fell in, by traveller's luck, with this young lady, a year his senior, and with her brother, in the Isle of Wight. The impression made upon him by her conduct in a little adventure they met with, and by her manners and mind, was a lively one, and destined to be lasting, but how and when he became her "servant," in the phrase of the time, there is no way to find out. These letters begin some five or six years later, and were a secret correspondence, attended with all the anxieties and pleasures that belong to that method of courting. Time had brought bad fortune to Dorothy's party; and her father, who had been the Governor of Guernsey, and long sustained the siege of Castle Cornet for the royal cause, charged with betrayal and relieved from command by Prince Charles, had made his peace with the Commonwealth and retired, a broken and dying man, to his estate at Chicksands. Here Dorothy was attending to him during his long illness and living the quietest of lives, except for the one great concern of her maiden age—the disposal of herself, as she terms it. The letters, which unfortunately show only her side of the correspondence, are genuine love-letters, but they are such as exhibit a sound and sensible mind, a vivacious interest in the news, and especially the matrimonial gossip of the day, and a very complete account of how she spent her time. A familiar correspondence of this sort is a rare historical find, and it affords a picture of life in the Commonwealth period not without entertainment to lovers of that informal history which memoirs and diaries often handsomely provide. The zest of such matter, it should be said by way of caution, lies almost entirely in the words of the speakers; but perhaps we may give some notion of Dorothy and her ways and circumstances in the limits assigned us.

The mistress of Chicksands was, in the eyes of her time, a woman to be wooed. She had little fortune, but innumerable suitors. The smallness of her dowry was, indeed, what stood between her and Temple as the main obstacle to their union, for he, too, was scantily provided with lands and goods; his father wished a wealthy marriage for him, and the friends of Dorothy had the same natural ambition for her. The worldliness of the wedding contracts of the time in good society is the one trait that stands out before all others in this volume. It was as much a matter of course as birth and death. "I am told," writes Dorothy, "that R. Spencer is a servant to a lady of my acquaintance, a daughter of my Lady Lexington's. Is it true? And if it be, what is become of the £2,500 lady?" This is the spirit of the period. Dorothy herself acknowledges the rightfulness of the family view of marriage, and protests that she should not think of disregarding it, or finally doing other than she was bid, and more than once she is discouraged at the prospects of

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Temple's suit, and urges that they both give up their hopes and yield to the necessities of their fortunes. Meanwhile, the number of her own suitors made her position a very embarrassing one, and put her constancy to the trial. First among these as a good match was Henry Cromwell, the son of the Protector, whom Mrs. Hutchinson calls an "insolent foole" and "a debauched, ungodly cavalier." He was perhaps more agreeable to Dorothy for those traits which drew these bad words upon his memory, and he was useful in getting her some Irish greyhounds she desired, but he did not prosper further in her favor. Another one of her lovers, if they can be called so, was her cousin, Sir Thomas Osborne, afterwards the notorious Earl of Danby. A third was "a squire that is as good as a knight," apparently, Richard Bennett, son of a London alderman of note, with a magnificent seat. There were country gentry in plenty who besieged her. The most amusing of these is one whom she nicknames the "Emperor," a Sir Justinian Isham, with four daughters and much learning, who returned to the attack three times, and at each assault provoked some bantering mention in these letters, for Dorothy faithfully told her lover of all his enemies. This is the way in which she pays her respects to him:

"'Twas the vainest impertinent, self-conceited, learned coxcomb that ever yet I saw. . . . Lord! what would I give that I had a Latin letter of his for you, that he writ to a great friend at Oxford, where he gives him a long and learned character of me; 'twould serve you to laugh at these seven years. If I remember what was told me on't, the worst of my faults was a height (he would not call it pride) that was, as he had heard, the humour of my family; and the best of my commendations was that I was capable of being company and conversation for him. . . . Oh, my conscience! we should all have joined against him as the common enemy, for those poor young wenches [his daughters] are as weary of his government as I would have been. He gives them such precepts as they say my Lord of Dorchester gives his wife, and keeps them so much prisoners to a vile house he has in Northamptonshire, that if but once I had let them loose, they and his learning would have been sufficient to have made him mad without my help. . . . I never had, I think, but one letter from Sir Justinian, but 'twas worth twenty of anybody's else to make me sport. It was the most sublime nonsense that in my life I ever read; and yet, I believe, he descended as low as he could to come near my weak understanding."

Dorothy, however, is usually more gentle with her admirers' characters. Most of them, it may be surmised, did not get further than treating with her relatives for her hand, but occasionally one was rash enough to plead directly. This is the fortune one such worthy met with: she, being on her guard, kept "Mrs. Goldsmith and Jane" to sit with her when he called; but he came "better provided than I could have imagined. He brought a letter with him and gave it to me as one he had met with directed to me; he thought it came out of Northamptonshire." Dorothy was equal to the emergency, and dashed his hopes by not opening it, on which he whispered to her that it "was of great concern to him, and begged I would read it and give him my answer. I took it up presently, as if I had meant it, but threw it, sealed as it was, into the fire, and told him (as softly as he had spoke to me) I thought that the quickest and best way of answering it." It does not appear, however, that even by such sharp means Dorothy broke any hearts. One by one her suitors, even to Sir Justinian, consoled themselves with other wives within a short period, and their fates are duly recorded.

All this did not go on unobserved. There was an elder brother in the case, who seems to have been attached to his sister, but desperately jealous of Temple, whose favor he more than suspected, and very anxious to marry Dorothy well. The two would converse of the advantages of wealth, the deceitfulness of good nature, the ill fortune of marriages founded on love, the good effects of compliance in breeding affection in marriages of convenience, and similar burning subjects when the talk was upon general topics; but the bearing of it was well understood by both. They quarrelled outright more than once, and the brother did not scruple to say ill things, much to his discredit, of Temple, whose family, it is to be remembered, were "Parliament" men. Here is the account of one such "skirmish":

"The Emperor and his proposals began it; I talked merrily on't till I saw my brother put on his sober face, and could hardly then believe he was in earnest. It seems he was, for when I had freely spoke my meaning, it wrought so with him as to fetch up all that lay on his stomach. All the people that I had ever in my life refused were brought again upon the stage, like Richard the III.'s ghosts, to reproach me withal; and all the kindness his discoveries could make I had for you was laid to my charge. My best qualities (if I have any that are good) served but for aggravations of my fault, and I was allowed to have wit and understanding and discretion in other things, that it might appear I had none in this. Well, it was a pretty lecture, and I grew warm with it after a while; in short, we came so near an absolute falling-out that 'twas time to give over, and we said so much then that we have hardly spoken a word together since. But 'tis wonderful to see what curtseys and legs pass between us; and as before we were thought the kindest brother and sister, we are certainly the most complimental couple in England."

At a later date matters went further, her brother charging that "Religion and honor were things you did not consider at all, and that he was confident you would take any engagement, serve in employment, or do anything to advance yourself." On this Dorothy lost patience and forgot her disguise, and they "talked themselves weary," until "he renounced me and I defied him, but both in as civil language as it would permit; and parted in great anger, with the usual ceremony of a leg and a courtesy, that you would have died in the laughing to have seen us." After these bouts they were outwardly reconciled, and although the ties were strained by the long contest, they seem not to have been broken.

Life at Chicksands, besides this endless coil of love, had its daily routine, and the glimpses one obtains of this are perhaps not an unfair example of how the days then went on in a country-seat. The house was an old priory in quiet scenery, with pleasant outlooks—"a sleepy country-house," says the editor, "the warm earth and her shrubs creeping close up to the very sills of the lower windows, sending in morning fragrance, I doubt not, when Dorothy thrust back the lattice after breakfast." The noise of the world was far away, and the breaking of the Parliament by Oliver only calls forth a query whether Algernon Sidney did really resist, and a reflection on what her fortunes might have been had she accepted Henry Cromwell's suit. Dorothy describes how she passes her time, and says that it is "what I am likely to do these seven years if I stay here so long." She rises "reasonably early," goes round the house till she is "weary of that," and then into the garden till it grows too hot. At ten she "makes herself ready," and then to her father's chamber, and then to dinner, "where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room and at a table that would hold a great many more," and after dinner there is talk, and in the heat of the day reading or working. About six or seven she goes out for a walk

"into a common that lies hard by the house where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so. Most commonly when we are in the midst of our discourse, one looks about her, and spies her cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I, that am not so nimble, stay behind; and when I see them driving home their cattle, I think 'tis time for me to return too. When I have supped I go into the garden and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, where I sit down and wish you were with me (you had best say this is not kind neither). In earnest 'tis a pleasant place, and would be much more so to me if I had your company. I sit there sometimes till I am lost with thinking; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of our fortunes that will not let me sleep there I should forget that there were such a thing to be done as going to bed."

It is not often that Dorothy is so prettily sentimental as this, but it must be granted that this is charming writing. Her books were the romances of the time, 'Cyrus' and the rest of them in as many volumes as a standard history nowadays, and she discusses the characters with her own lover in a demure way that provokes a smile. The books of the day, too, she read, among them Lady Newcastle's poems. "For God's sake, if you meet with it"—this "book of poems newly come out, made by my Lady Newcastle"—"send it to me; they say 'tis ten times more extravagant than her dress." She had a pure taste in diction, too, and is very contemptuous of Lord Broghill for using *concern* instead of concernment, and she objects to *extreme* instead of *extremity*, and as for *wellness* and *unwellness* she professes not to know what they mean. She was clearly a well-educated lady of the period.

There were neighbors, too (among them Sir Samuel Luke, the original of Hudibras), and visitors at Chicksands, and she has a feminine interest in describing them; or she goes to make calls about the country and comes home with similar materials for a letter. These passages are very characteristic, marked by keen observation, and the portraits drawn, though touched with caricature, are among the most entertaining matters in the volume. Here is a young husband whose lady Dorothy went to call upon when he brought her down to the country; she had known him "so handsome, so capable of being made a pretty gentleman," and now he "was transformed into the direct shape of a great boy newly come from school. To see him wholly taken up with running on errands for his wife and teaching her little dog tricks! And this was the best of him; for when he was at leisure to talk he would suffer no one else to do it, and what he said and the noise he made, if you had heard it, you would have concluded him drunk with joy that he had a wife and a pack of hounds. I was so weary on't that I made haste home." There is a lively sketch of a widow "broke loose from an old miserable husband that lived so long she thinks if she does not make haste she shall not have time to spend what he left. She is old and was never handsome, and yet is courted a thousand times more than the greatest beauty in the world would be that had not a fortune. We could not eat in quiet for the letters and presents that came in from people that would not have looked upon her when they had met her if she had been left poor. I could not but laugh to myself at the meanness of their humour, and was merry enough all day, for the company was very good."

Dorothy had a keen eye for this perpetual comedy of human nature, and she draws us

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more than one of those ridiculous persons whom we know like our Molière. Occasionally she goes outside of her circle of observation into the field of common report, and sketches the characters of the fashionable world; but we have room only for one more extract of this nature. It shall be about Lady Isabella Rich, daughter of the Lord Holland beheaded a few years before, and sister of Dorothy's friend, Lady Diana, who seems to have been of a sweet and winning nature :

"But my Lady Isabella that speaks and looks and sings and plays, and all so prettily, why cannot I say she is as free from faults as her sister believes her? No; I am afraid she is not, and sorry that those she has are so generally known. My brother did not bring them for an example; but I did, and made him confess she had better have married a beggar than that beast with all his estate. She cannot be excused; but certainly they run a strange hazard that have such husbands as makes them think they cannot be more undone whatever course they take. Oh 'tis ten thousand pities! I remember she was the first woman that ever I took notice of for extremely handsome; and in earnest she was then the loveliest lady that could be looked on, I think. But what should she do with beauty now? Were I as she I should hide myself from all the world."

These scenes and characters from contemporary life, however, should not lead us from the fact that the substance of the correspondence is the trials of the two lovers, though, as love is rather the spirit than the matter of the letters, it is more difficult to give an impression of this side of the volume. Temple seems to have been an ardent lover and an anxious one, and there is much protesting on Dorothy's part to meet his doubts and fears. She describes receiving a letter from him, however, in such a spirited way that it should relieve any lover's mind, but there is no space left for the passage. She writes often of their "crossed fortune," and at one period there is very great despondency, so that she urges that he abandon the suit and that they both go their several ways to the lot of all the world. She speaks of the beginning of their affection.

"Can I remember how ignorantly and innocently I suffered it to steal upon me by degrees; how, under the mask of friendship, I cozened myself into that which, had it appeared to me in its true shape, I had feared and shunned? Can I discern that it has made the trouble of your life and cast a cloud upon mine that will help to cover me in my grave? Can I know that it wrought so upon us both as to make neither of us friends to one another, but agree in running wildly to our own destruction, and that perhaps of some innocent persons who might live to curse our folly that gave them so miserable a being? Ah! if you love yourself or me, you must confess that I have reason to condemn this senseless passion."

And so she goes on through several letters, in a strain of intensity and seriousness that shows the genuine suffering. But the clouds broke away under Temple's influence, and they determined to stand to their hopes. When Dorothy's father died, she left Chicksands and made visits about the country and in town. London evidently wears the Puritan yoke more lightly than at first, and in the correspondence which, under somewhat greater inconveniences of exchanging letters, kept on, we get a few features of the city, a visit to old Lilly and "the execution of the Portugals," with the rest. It was not many months now before the alliance was finally arranged, Sir John Temple at last consenting to the desire of his son, who had also done some rejecting of advantageous marriage on his side, and the relatives of Dorothy, even to the jealous brother who had denied "honor and religion" to Temple, joining in the negotiation for the settlement. The Temples wished to leave this graceless enemy out, but Dorothy insisted that he should appear formally. The remainder of their lives was passed with distinction and honor, and there is no sign but that the marriage, for which they had waited seven years, was a happy one. They were unfortunate in losing their children—one of them, who was for a few days King William's secretary, under strange circumstances. A letter referring to his suicide closes the correspondence, and shows in Dorothy the same firm spirit that breathes in her earlier writing. As a record of a few years of a young woman's life in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, and of the contemporary social spirit, the collection has a high value, and it is in itself an addition of mark to the list of English biography. The editing has been performed with the utmost fidelity and thoroughness, with excellent judgment. It was a labor of love, and the devotion of the editor to Dorothy's memory has a personal touch which adds to the charm of the work.

SOLOMON MAIMON.

Solomon Maimon: An Autobiography. Translated from the German, with Additions and Notes. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D., F.R.S.C. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

It was a happy chance that led Prof. Murray of McGill College, Montreal, to glance over the shelves of a second-hand bookstore in Toronto; for he was attracted by a little volume entitled 'S. Maimon's Lebensgeschichte,' whose translation will serve to acquaint English and American readers with a veritable Jewish Rousseau—at least his autobiography possesses in many respects the fascination of Rousseau's 'Confessions,' however dissimilar the authors in character and disposition. It is, indeed, surprising that so little is known in English of Maimon—an important figure among Kant's contemporaries, and, according to Kant himself (in a letter to Marcus Herz), one of the keenest and most prominent of his opponents. German writers devote some attention to him, Kuno Fischer in particular (in his 'History of Recent Philosophy'), while Erdmann and Ed. Zeller recognize the merits of a thinker for whose intellect Fichte confessed "eine grenzenlose Hochachtung" (boundless esteem). It was reserved for the author of 'Daniel Deronda,' who in that book shows a fair acquaintance with Jewish literature, to refer to "that wonderful bit of autobiography—the life of the Polish Jew, Solomon Maimon," and to immortalize the name of Maimon's friend, Moses Lapidoth, in her Jewish heroine, Mirah Lapidoth.

The story of Maimon's life is a night-piece from the latter half of the eighteenth century—a record of want, beggary, wandering, illumined by an indomitable zeal for knowledge. His efforts to emerge from his Polish-Jewish environment—his struggles to attain recognition in the world of letters—are not without their parallel in the history of literature, but it is rare to meet such a saddened experience, such long-continued misery, described in a style so naïf that it reminds one of Montaigne in his most confiding mood. There are passages not a few which suggest, too, Heine's picturesque irony; but there is little humor to relieve the gloomy narrative, which is an historical picture of Jewish life in Poland and parts of Germany a century ago.

Maimon was born in Lithuanian Poland in 1754, where his grandfather leased an estate from Prince Radzivil, but was so careless in his domestic economy that he was robbed on all sides. Maimon's father introduced a little more order, and trading with Koenigsberg in Prussia provided the household with tin and brass utensils. "We began," writes Maimon, "to have better meals, to wear finer clothes than before; I was even clad in damask." Following the old-time Jewish system of education, he was taught the Bible in his sixth year, and thus relates his first difficulties:

"In my sixth year my father began to read the Bible with me. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' Here I interrupted my father and asked: 'But, papa, who created God?' 'God was not created by any one,' replied my father; 'He existed from all eternity.' 'Did He exist ten years ago?' I asked again. 'O yes,' my father said, 'He existed even a hundred years ago.' 'Then, perhaps,' I continued, 'God is already a thousand years old?' 'Silence! God was eternal.' 'But,' I insisted, 'He must surely have been born at some time.' 'You little fool,' said my father. 'No! He was for ever and ever and ever.'"

Not a very promising beginning for a young theologian, and Maimon soon developed an uncomfortable desire for wider knowledge than the traditional training. He was forbidden to read any books except the Talmud; but in his father's absence he made a raid upon the cupboard in his parent's study, and alighted upon some Hebrew books, histories, and astronomical works.

"As I was still a child, and the beds in my father's house were few, I was allowed to sleep with my old grandmother, whose bed stood in the above-mentioned study. As I was obliged during the day to occupy myself solely with the study of the Talmud, and durst not take another book in my hand, I devoted the evenings to my astronomical inquiries. Accordingly, after my grandmother had gone to bed, I put some fresh wood on the fire and took out my beloved astronomical book. My grandmother, indeed, scolded me, because it was too cold for the old lady to lie alone in bed, but I did not trouble myself about that, and continued my study till the fire was burnt out."

The even current of Maimon's childhood was soon disturbed by the loss of his grandfather's property, which set the family adrift. In their new abode, he was sent to a Talmudic school, and in his eleventh year was married, after the custom of his time. His married life was not a happy one. "I stood not only under the slipper of my wife, but—what was worse—under the lash of my mother-in-law." It must have been a painful relaxation, judging by the labor involved, to study Latin, Greek, and German, and turn for further knowledge to the Kabbala. His scepticism began to bud, and he and his friend Moses Lapidoth soon earned unsavory reputations as independent thinkers. After some experience as tutor he journeyed to Koenigsberg, Stettin, and Berlin, resolved to extend his knowledge of men and the sciences. This was in his twenty-fifth year, and he admits that he was far from presentable, with a "tolerably stiff beard, in tattered, dirty clothes," and with a language a mixture of Hebrew, Jewish German, Polish, and Russian. He was refused permission to stay in Berlin, and his deepest stage of misery which followed is described with some minuteness, as well as the story of his deliverance at the hands of a charitable rabbi, who recognized Maimon's learning and offered him shelter. But Maimon's restlessness had become chronic. He soon tired of the monotonous village life, and again set out for Berlin. How he found Wolf's 'Metaphysics' in a butter-shop, paid two groschen for the treasure, and wrote a treatise in Hebrew against the "foundations of revealed as well as of natural theology," is narrated in a chapter which introduces the reader to Moses Mendelssohn.

"I sent this dissertation to Mendelssohn, who was not a little amazed that a Polish Jew, who had scarcely got the length of seeing the Metaphysics of Wolff, was already able to penetrate

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into their depths so far that he was in a position to shake their results by means of a correct Ontology. He invited me to visit him and I accepted his invitation. But I was so shy, the manners and customs of the Berliners were so new to me, it was not without fear and embarrassment that I ventured to enter a fashionable house. When, therefore, I opened Mendelssohn's door, and saw him and other gentle folks who were there, as well as the beautiful rooms and elegant furniture, I shrank back, closed the door again, and had a mind not to go in. Mendelssohn, however, had observed me. He came out and spoke to me very kindly, led me into his room, placed himself beside me at the window, and paid me many compliments about my writing."

It was not long before Maimon's careless manner of living made Mendelssohn and other friends dissatisfied, and Maimon again became the wanderer, visiting Hamburg and Amsterdam, in which place he was on the point of drowning himself, but overcame the desire. He abandoned Holland, because he discovered that "the main desire of the Dutch Jews is to make money; and they manifest no particular liking for the sciences." Returning to Hamburg, he offered to become a convert to Christianity, but he was told by a Christian clergyman, to whom he had stated at length his reasons for conversion, that he was too much of a philosopher to prove a good Christian. For two years he studied at the gymnasium, his favorite branches being philosophy and mathematics, and then the old restlessness reasserted itself. He forsook Hamburg, dwelt a while in Berlin, and settled at Breslau for a longer period, where he was visited by his wife, from whom he had been separated for so many years. She returned to Poland, with his son, after being legally divorced.

The last chapter in the Autobiography tells of the fourth journey to Berlin, his study of Kant's works—at first being a warm adherent, and later a keen critic—and finally throws light on his literary activity in that capital. Fortune at last began to smile on the wanderer: a Silesian nobleman, Count Kalkreuth, who had formed a high opinion of his writings, offered him a home, which was gladly accepted. Maimon, however, enjoyed rest for a few years only, dying November 22, 1800. The kindly village clergyman who visited him the day before his death, gives a pathetic account of a conversation with the philosopher, who remarked: "Ah me! I have been a foolish man, the most foolish among the most foolish—and how earnestly I wished it otherwise."

Prof. Murray has done English literature a service by enriching it with this autobiography, which is quotable throughout, and presents many striking and suggestive passages. He is the reverse of harsh in his estimate of Maimon, and inclined to extenuate those lamentable defects of temper and mind which made him one of the many who are called, not chosen. He has these good words to say for Maimon's character:

"It is noteworthy that with all the unrestrained rudeness which often characterized his manners, Maimon was not without a certain dignified courtesy; and when the occasion demanded it he could turn a polite phrase as prettily as the most accomplished gentleman. There was, moreover, in Maimon an intrinsic shyness which must have gone a long way to soften the less amiable side of his social character. Then it is evident that his conversation, in his better moods at least, had a charm which made him a welcome guest in any company. Thus, amid all that may have been repulsive at times, there must have been in Maimon's character a good deal to attract the friendly companionship of others."

Prof. Murray would have added appreciably to the value of his book by appending a chapter on Maimon's philosophy and his relation to Kant and Fichte. The subject has been fairly treated by Dr. Witte in a *brochure* which Prof. Murray has overlooked ('Salomon Maimon, von Dr. J. H. Witte. Berlin: H. R. Mecklenburg.' 1876). The omission of an index is unpardonable. The English transliteration of Hebrew and foreign terms is not always happy.

Report of a Commissary of Subsistence, 1861-5. By H. C. Symonds, formerly Major and C. S. U. S. A. Sing Sing, N. Y.: Published by the Author.

It is a misnomer to call this volume 'Report of a Commissary of Subsistence.' 'Recollections of a Commissary' would be a more suitable title. The work is desultory, and while it contains some of the official correspondence and some formal statistics of a commissary of subsistence, it contains also many of the commissary's recollections of matters in no way connected with his branch of the public service. The author is a graduate of the U. S. Military Academy, and was an officer of the regular army until he resigned in 1865. Able, industrious, conscientious, and sensitive, Major Symonds left the service with a grievance, which he sets forth in his book. It is easy to see, now that the blinding heat of zeal and loyalty has somewhat subsided, that his discomfiture in the particular matter he suffered from was inevitable. He undertook (in 1864) the dangerous task of controlling (to borrow the *mot*) the product of the *pen*. That is to say, to protect the Government from extortion in its purchase of pork for the army, he, with proper authority, set up a Government pork-packing establishment in Louisville. He might have known that that would be more than the patriots who were fighting in the rear of the army (for money) could endure. With the aid of some newspapers and politicians, they made a raid upon the audacious innovator who wanted to buy pork for the soldiers at something less than $50 a barrel. The worst of it was that Major Symonds's superior officers, who had forced him into the business, failed to stand by him. He says: "When I needed support, they withheld it. It was long after I had fled from the service that I first thought I had discovered the true inwardness of that whole hog business. I now have no doubt that it was a well-conceived scheme to bulldoze Kentucky and Indiana in the coming Presidential election [1864], and I appear to have been the only victim."

It was a stormy period, but it has all passed away, and, so far from injuring Major Symonds's reputation, it is safe to say that not one in a million knows that he was abused, and probably all who read of the affair hereafter will see that Major Symonds was not only honest, but was absolutely true to his trust and calling. Nevertheless, he had cause for discontent. He was maligned by speculators and adventurers, and his valuable services were in no way rewarded by the Government. On the contrary, he says that when a bill passed Congress in 1865 authorizing the addition of five or six colonels to his corps, he was especially recommended by the chief of the corps for one of them, but "the Secretary of War read, tore up the paper, and, throwing the pieces down, said, with a round oath, that I should never have anything so long as he could control it." That is enough to account for Major Symonds's resignation, and for the bitterness that marks his little book. It fixed the key upon which his song is pitched. In his view, "the call for 75,000 troops" (April, 1861), instead of attesting the loyalty and patriotism of the people, demonstrated "that there was profit in loyalty, and the accession of patriots and plunderers to the ranks of the Administration was overwhelming." He lived in what he aptly calls "the opiated atmosphere that is generally provided for those who spend other people's money."

But, apart from its tone and cynicism, the book throws valuable side-lights upon some important questions of history. Major Symonds says that he had a visit in Louisville from an old schoolmate, who had just come from the Altoona Conference of Northern Governors, and was on his way to Springfield, Illinois. Major Symonds called this schoolmate's attention to the fact that he had seen in the *New York Times* several extracts from rural papers thrusting at McClellan, and asked if there "was any method in it." His friend, after considerable hesitation, said there was, "that it had been decided that McClellan must go" (this, it should be remembered, was as early as July, 1862); that the Democrats had determined upon running McClellan in 1864, and that they, the Republicans, did not propose to supply the ammunition; that I might as well know it so that I could govern myself accordingly." This is testimony upon an interesting point in history.

Major Symonds served in Louisville under Generals Anderson, Sherman, Buell, and Rosecrans in 1861-62; indeed, he remained on duty there until 1865. Speaking of General Buell's return to Louisville, about the last of September, 1862, his reorganization of his army, and his prompt advance against Bragg, Major Symonds says:

"Personally I had not been an ardent admirer of Buell, although I fully recognized and respected his military virtues. It may have been that I had no such inducement as the lamb had to love Mary. But on this occasion he showed as grand qualities of fitness for chief command as had ever come within my knowledge by reading or observation. And from all the information I received, and I received a good deal that has not been written, or, if written, has been presented in so gingerly a manner as to carry erroneous convictions, I believe that had his orders been executed with subordination to duty and loyalty to military service, he would have redeemed the disasters in the East by victory in the West. By the displacement of General D. C. Buell the country lost the services of the best general I had thus far encountered in the war; in fact, he was the only one who had those qualities I had thought necessary for high command."

Major Symonds's testimony concerning General Sherman's great campaign, which began May 1, 1864, and extended from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and thence "to the sea," contains something new. He was in charge of the Subsistence Department at Louisville, the base of supplies, and General Robert Allen was in charge of the Quartermaster's Department at the same point. Major Symonds says:

"One morning during Christmas week of 1863, Col. C. B. Comstock, of General Grant's Staff, came to my office. . . . He stated that General Sherman was to start on the 1st of May following from Chattanooga with 105,000 effective men and 30,000 civil employees; that I was charged with the subsistence of that army, and would be held responsible for that part of the work, . . . and that only General Allen and myself would know the details, otherwise than at the headquarters of General Grant and of General Sherman; that if any knowledge reached the public, one of us would be considered responsible; that I must put nothing on paper in my office or in my correspondence by which the plans or the purpose of the campaign could be disclosed; that he, Porter, or Babcock would stop in and see me from time to time, when, if I had any complaints to make or orders to request, I would state the matter orally to either one, and it would be attended to. He told me General Grant was to make at the same time a forward movement with the army of the Potomac. I asked him whose plans these were, and he replied 'General Grant's.' I asked, 'What after Atlanta?' and he replied,

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'Savannah if we can, Mobile if we must.' He took his hat and left. *These were orders.* I obeyed them with the fidelity of a sacred obligation, and, so far as I know or believe, no one but General Allen and myself did know of them. It is hardly possible that the Commissary-General himself could have known of them, and I do not believe that they were known to the Secretary of War. . . . At the beginning, General Allen and myself were made by General Grant an integral part of the campaign, and we were charged with its logistics, in order that General Sherman should be free to do only with its strategy. How well he did his part, a great deal of the history of the war has been made to tell. How well we did our part, is only known in the glory he achieved and the rewards that were bestowed upon his immediate entourage. If we had failed in any respect, it would probably have been fatal to his ambition as well as to our official existence. If he had failed, it would have been entirely in order to charge the failure to the incapacity or disloyalty of one or both of us."

Therefore, Major Symonds adds, "I defiantly claim that a fair share of his success was due to work done by myself, General Allen," etc. The claim is the usual and reasonable one made in favor of the supply departments, and probably General Sherman does not dispute it. It seems to be the fate of war that glory is not measured by the real importance of services rendered, but goes wholly or mainly to the men who do the actual killing. Major Symonds, it seems, devoted himself to the important and confidential duty assigned to him by General Grant, but by August he says: "The Secretary of War had received information from General Sherman's headquarters that there was danger of his expedition failing from want of subsistence, and that the fault lay with me in Louisville." Thereupon the Commissary-General was sent from Washington to Louisville, and dropped in upon Major Symonds without warning to look into the matter. He immediately sent to Captain Bright, Major Symonds's subordinate, who was at Chattanooga serving rations directly to Sherman's army, a telegram saying: "Send me at once the daily average number of rations you have forwarded to General Sherman's army since the 1st of May." The reply was: "The daily average number of rations I have forwarded to General Sherman's army since the 1st of May is 412,000." This, says Major Symonds, "was more than three rations a day to every mouth that left Chattanooga on that campaign, and yet they were crying for more and 'living off the country.'" Major Symonds continues: "I do not desire to appear in the light of a critic of General Sherman's strategy in that campaign, nor would I pluck one laurel leaf from the crown he so ably won. . . . Fortunately, Hood stepped aside and gave them the way they wanted, and with abundant supplies they were enabled to start for the sea with the least possible delay."

Major Symonds's object is not to detract from fighting men or commanders, but to set forth the claims of what he calls the "working officer" of the supply departments. He appears to be correct in his conclusion that their rewards are small in proportion to their merits and services, and his injunction to young soldiers is, "Avoid a staff appointment in time of war."

Struggles for Life. By William Knighton, LL.D., Vice-President Royal Society of Literature, etc. London: Williams & Norgate. 1888. 3d ed., revised, 12mo, pp. 289.

THE subject of this book is an important one, and the author, who is already known by other works, mostly on life in the East, has an easy style and a quick eye for taking facts, and his sympathies are ready for every form of suffering. But that is the most that can be said. He had probably some vague moral purpose in writing, and the statement on the title-page that this is the third edition shows that he has caught something of the public attention; and yet it is hard to see what he meant to teach, or indeed why the book should have been written at all. Mr. Knighton tells over in a hasty and miscellaneous way the old story of the various horrors that humanity has gone through. The suffering of modern English paupers, primitive barbarism, Roman persecution and Indian Thuggism, the Spanish abuse of the Caribs, the persecution of the Albigenses, the tortures of the Inquisition, Greek slavery, the horrors of the middle passage, feudal ferocity, the plague, the ballet, the *droit de cuisse*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* scandal, the Berlin trial of the Artist Gräf and his nude model, human sacrifices, Jewish wars, Tartar invasions, Turkish conquests, our savage treatment of Indian tribes, and a vast number of other brutalities are hastily recounted, with no evident order or argument. Mr. Knighton does not intend to cater to any low instincts, and yet his narrative has not a little of that ghastly attraction which the "police" newspapers have for the average man. There is in most of us something of the savage love of suffering, a craving to sup full of horrors, which might not be sated by twice the number of details Mr. Knighton gives us. In spite of all that modern humanitarianism can do, this cruel instinct remains fixed in man's nature, and every now and then some warm-hearted and notoriety-loving writer appeals to it and plays upon our cruelty under the disguise of charity.

But the practical question comes up at once, What is the good of it all? Mr. Knighton has no new facts to offer. Indeed, regarded from a scientific point of view, his pessimism is one-sided in the extreme. What is the use of telling over the hideous story unless there is some conclusion to be drawn, some way pointed out to prevent the recurrence of the evils described? Mr. Knighton does not even attempt to do this. The only approach he makes to a suggestion of remedy is to urge a federation of English colonies, and suggest some form of action by ladies of social prominence in England; and it would be unjust to suppose that he could seriously expect either of these to help us much in solving the hardships of the struggle for existence. The truth is, he has made a heterogeneous collection of striking facts, but has not digested them enough to find out whether any practical conclusion can be drawn from them. Probably there is none to be drawn. Very many of his instances belong to a state of life so different from our own that it is not worth while to try to guard against them, for they cannot recur without a decay in civilization so profound that everything we hold most dear will first have gone by the board. No doubt the brutal instincts still exist even in the most civilized races, and they will occasionally break out in times of war or popular excitement. Even a change of fashion like the license just now accorded to prize-fighting may bring them to the surface; but, on the whole, the influences of civilization are strongly opposed to their manifestation. It is not so clear that the brutal instinct itself is dying out. The struggle for existence is shaping the races pretty constantly, but perhaps without doing anything more to eradicate this trait than merely keeping it out of sight; for the fertile portion of the race from which the new generations spring has a much larger proportion of violent physical energy and hot-headed passion than of gentle sentimentalism. Still, gentleness is firmly enthroned as far as outward manifestations go, and this book may give the average American some pleasure in thinking how much worse than himself most of the world has been. Severe competition and great contrast of wealth and poverty are an essential part of modern civilization, and the pressure of the struggle for existence is, on the whole, a good thing. Books of this kind, which dwell exclusively on its brutal side, without having any remedy to offer, are mischievous, no matter how philanthropic the author's intentions may be.

"The Fighting Veres": Lives of Sir Francis Vere, General of the Queen's Forces in the Low Countries, Governor of the Brill and of Portsmouth, and of Sir Horace Vere, General of the English Forces in the Low Countries, Governor of the Brill, Master-General of Ordnance, and Baron Vere of Tilbury. By Clements R. Markham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. 8vo, pp. 508.

THE name of Sir Francis Vere is a striking reminder how empty and evanescent a thing is fame. He was, says Mr. Markham, "the first great English general in modern history. He founded a school which was further developed by his brother Horace. In that school were formed those distinguished leaders who fought out the war between Charles I. and the Parliament of England." Yet he is not mentioned by Mr. Green in his 'Short History of the English People,' and only once incidentally by Mr. Gardiner in his 'History of England.' Mr. Markham adds: "In the same school were formed those military advisers who accompanied the lovers of freedom to colonize America. The posterity of both the great branches of the English folk, of that in America as of that in the old country, ought therefore to know the story of the 'Fighting Veres.'" But the American Cyclopædia does not contain his name, nor does Bancroft's History, although we are told by Mr. Markham (p. 388) that "Miles Standish had been educated in the school of the Veres."

In truth, Sir F. Vere's career is so identified with the war in the Netherlands that both the English and American historians forget to notice that it also stands in near relation to the history of their countries. In Motley's pages he is, of course, a conspicuous figure; but Mr. Motley, while praising his soldier-like qualities, speaks of "his inordinate self-esteem, both personal and national, and his want of true sympathy for the cause in which he fought." That he was essentially a soldier has no doubt helped to obscure his name with a generation which places emphasis rather upon the arts of peace, in reaction against the undue prominence of war in former times. Mr. Markham has done well, therefore, to revive the memory of this distinguished man in a book written especially for the American public, and to call attention directly to the connection between his subject and the early history of America. "I now venture," he says, "to submit to American readers this new attempt to supply what I believe to be a desideratum in their national history. The proclamation of Queen Elizabeth in 1585 was the forerunner of the Declaration of American Independence. The lives of Sir Francis and Sir Horace Vere include events which aroused the spirit of American colonization." He has, we think, made too large a book of it. It contains a great deal of detail which is really unimportant, and detracts from its interest by withdrawing attention from the great current of events.

Mr. Markham undertakes, as is natural, to vindicate his hero against Mr. Motley's strictures—chiefly in the account of the battle of

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Nieuport, also upon other occasions. It is not possible to weigh the argument pro and con with perfect fairness, because Mr. Motley is no longer able to make a rejoinder. So far as one can judge from the evidence placed before us, the defence is complete. It is fair, also, to cite in full Mr. Markham's opinion of Sir Francis Vere's writings, containing his account of the military events in which he participated; his judgment, it will be seen, is directly opposite to that of Mr. Motley, cited above. He suspects, by the way, that Mr. Motley never read the writings in question, except in "an incomplete French abridgment" (p. 303).

"To one who has also read his letters and despatches written on the spot, and the letters of others describing the same events, the most striking feature of these Notes is their accuracy. With the exception of discrepancies in numbers of men or guns—and even these are of rare occurrence—the agreement of the Notes, written from memory long after, with narratives prepared at the time, is very remarkable. Another point worthy of remark is the proof afforded by the Notes of the modesty and absence of self-assertion in Vere's public despatches" (p. 358).

We must say, too, that the general tenor of the narrative appears to contradict Mr. Motley's charge that he lacked sympathy with the cause in which he fought.

It seems at first sight as if Sir Francis Vere received disproportionate attention in this volume, his younger brother, Sir Horace, having nominally less than a hundred pages out of 460. But it must be remembered that he was for several years associated with his elder brother, whom he survived. The book is very handsomely printed, and contains, besides portraits of the two brothers, a number of excellent maps and plans.

The Poetry of the Future. By James Wood Davidson. New York: John B. Alden. 1888.

THIS rather snappish little essay shows the singularly annoying influence which English prosody seems to have upon the minds of those who discuss it. The writer has set himself to a thorough reform of what he regards as the height of the learned folly of grammarians, and has reduced our prosody to no more than four feet, of which the principal are the iamb and the anapæst. Trochees, spondees, dactyls, amphibrachs, etc., he discards altogether. This is but the beginning of his iconoclasm, and he proceeds to demolish stanzaic and metrical divisions and the childishness of rhyme without more ado; the "poetry of the future"—alias "Walt Whitman and Adah Menken"—will not have them. To show that he is right, Mr. Davidson scans many passages on his new system, to which there can be no objection, since he gains in unity and simplicity in several instances and the arbitrary element in scansion has long been recognized. When he further rewrites our poems, however, in the paragraphic way of Walt Whitman and Adah Menken, truly he treats them "as gypsies do stolen children." He "deforms" them with a vengeance. The fact of the matter is, that he regards verse purely from the point of view of an elocutionist. Elocution is his fetish; the stresses of the elocutionist are prosody, his pauses make line and stanza, and his convenience is the Apollo-measure to which all the Muses must dance.

Mr. Davidson is, of course, a disciple of Poe, but he has left that pioneer far behind. Like his leader, he has great contempt for Longfellow's hexameters, and perhaps more for his Hiawathan trochees, which he characterizes as "humpty-dumpty with a perceptible tendency to the higgledy-piggledy"; and he corrects Milton, as if the poet were a truant schoolboy, but in such a way as shows the one to be the schoolmaster and the other the poet. These defects of temper and taste are the worst thing in the little volume, which, with its Swedenborgianism, its Poeism, its Walt-Whitman-and-Adah-Menken-ism, and its heroic wrath at old Murray, is a more idiosyncratic work than one is likely to meet with in a twelvemonth. The author is well read in his subject, and he writes as well as he has read; but "the poetry of the future" which he is so sure about, with its elocutionary god, is, under favor, only the buzzing of his prosodical bee in his bonnet.

William Shakespeare Portrayed by Himself. A Revelation of the Poet in the Career and Character of one of his own Dramatic Heroes. By Robert Waters. Worthington Co.

THE temptation to satisfy curiosity about Shakspere's personal character seems able to be resisted only by the soundest and most learned of Shakspere scholars. The issue of some book written to tell us more than any one knows about the poet, is so regular an occurrence that one could almost make a law of it, as of some facts in sociology. It is a disease, such as Mr. Furness lately called the Baconian theory, that attacks the tyro, like the measles—an incident of literary childhood. In the present case the character chosen by Shakspere to unlock his heart in is said to be *Prince Hal;* and a long discourse, with liberal extracts from "Henry IV.," is written out, for the purpose of paralleling the remarks of the scapegrace Prince with Shakspere's supposed history and temperament. The argument fills a volume of considerable size, and at the end one is just as wise as before. The last pages are occupied with an attack on Donnelly's revelations, such as was to be expected from one who found Shakspere in so attractive a character as the young Prince. But in such speculation every man may have his will.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Grant. In All Shades: A Novel. Chicago Rand, McNally & Co.
Amory, T. C. Charles River: A Poem. Cambridge, Mass.
Bates, A. The Pagans. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cents.
Blatherwick, C. Uncle Pierce: A Novel. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Bray, Rev. H. T. Essays on God and Man. Boonville, Mo.: The Author. $2.
Chadwick, J. W. A Book of Poems. 8th ed. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Crawford, J. M. The Kalevala, the Epic Poem of Finland. 2 vols. John B. Alden.
Evans, T. C. Of Many Men. American News Co.
Ginn, E. Selections from Ruskin. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40 cents.
Gizycki, Prof. G. von. Kant und Schopenhauer. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich.
Grant, R. Jack in the Bush; or, A Summer on a Salmon River. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.
Hinman, R. Eclectic Physical Geography. Cincinnati: Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. $1.
Hugo, V. The Toilers of the Sea. 2 vols.—Notre Dame de Paris. 2 vols. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Lockwood, S. Animal Memoirs. Part I. Mammals. Ivison, Blakeman & Co.
Lowndes, Cecilia S. Both Sides of the River: A Tale. E. & J. B. Young & Co. $1.50.
Mayhew and Skeat. Concise Dictionary of Middle English, 1150–1580. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.90.
McClellan, Lt.-Col. C. The Personal Memoirs and Military History of U. S. Grant *vs.* the Record of the Army of the Potomac. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.
Meredith, G. Evan Harrington: A Novel. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Monthaye, Capt. E. Krupp and De Bange. New York: Thos. Prosser & Son.
Nield, T. The Human Brotherhood: Two Poems. Indianapolis: The Church at Work Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Norton, C. B. The President and His Cabinet. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Oswald, E. J. The Dragon of the North: A Tale of the Normans in Italy. E. & J. B. Young & Co. $1.50.
Otis, J. Little Joe. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.
Ragozin, Z. A. The Story of Media, Babylon, and Persia. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Roe, E. P. God Reigns: Lay Sermons. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Roe, E. P. From the Beaten Path: A Novel. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Rolfe, W. J. and J. C. Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Harper & Bros.
Ruben, E. The Path to Fame. New York: O. Lauckner.

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